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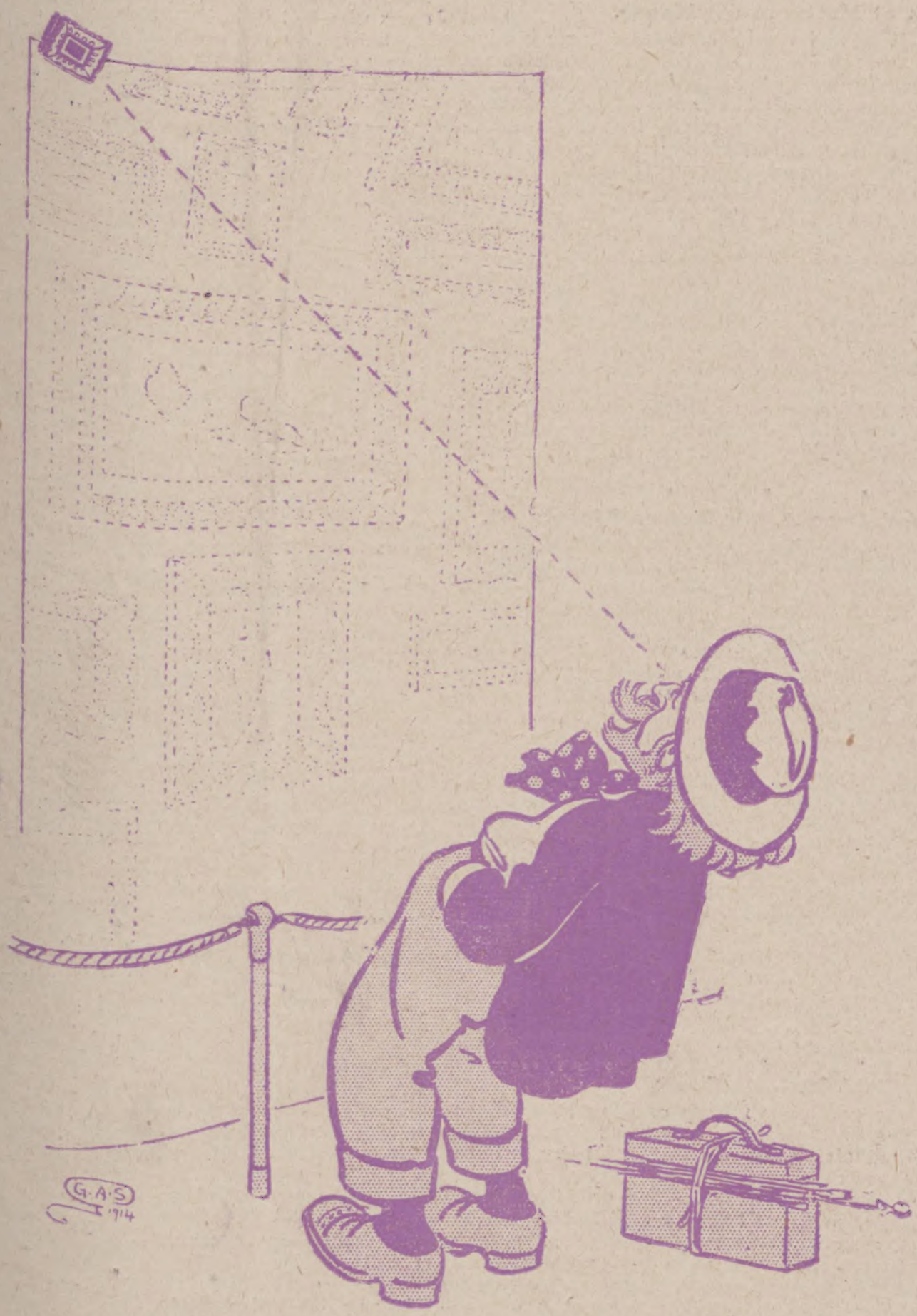

THE HEIGHT OF AMBITION.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Royal Elopers at Marlborough House.

Although the King and Queen of Denmark are coming upon a State visit to London shortly, our Royalties have not feared to risk a family *impasse* by offering cordial hospitality to the erring Danish prince whom the new King of Denmark has permanently banished. Without any fuss of announcement there arrived in London a few days ago no less interesting a couple than Prince Aage of Denmark and his un-Royal wife, the "Countess of Rosenborg," as she is now known. The young couple at first "put up" at one of the West-End hotels, and remained in London *incog*. However, I saw Princess Aage as she went into Marlborough House on Sunday morning week, and I can quite understand her ardent young Danish husband forsaking his job in the Danish Guards to marry her. Tall, dark, and distinctly beautiful, the "Countess of Rosenborg" looks the romantic daughter of Sunny Italy that she is. Queen Alexandra was extremely cordial to her niece-by-marriage, and when the Royal party drove across to Buckingham Palace to take lunch with the King and Queen, the Queen-Mother was conversing animatedly with the morganatic wife of her nephew.

* * *

A Seven Years' Love Affair Before Elopement.

The Countess of Rosenborg's father, Count Calvi di Bergola, used to be the Italian representative in the Danish capital, and it is at least seven years since Prince Aage fell in love with his wife, and "plighted his troth." The lady's father, however, would not hear of a marriage, as it meant banishment and other penalties for the Royal suitor. But Time only served to increase the affection of the young couple, and through seven long years they remained steadfast in their determination. The Prince's uncle and aunt, the King and Queen of Denmark, however, persistently refused their sanction to the marriage, and so at last Their Majesties got what doubtless they expected—the news that the couple had eloped to Italy, and had got married in Turin.

Since then Prince Aage and his wife have never returned to Denmark, and their visit to London is their first "call" upon any of their Danish relations. Both Prince Aage and his wife are twenty-seven years old, so they are old enough to "know their own minds," and I hear that the marriage has turned out a real love affair. But I also learn that Prince Aage and the Countess of Rosenborg have no intention of remaining in London until the arrival of the King and Queen of Denmark this month. The happy couple have now left their hotel and are staying with Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House.

* * *

Why Lord Suffield Left the Court.

One by one the particular friends of King Edward are passing away, and now there are only Lord Lincolnshire, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Henry Chaplin left living. Lord Suffield lived longer than most of King Edward's cronies, for he was over eighty, and very much a grandsire. Not many people know, perhaps, how Lord Suffield came to leave the Court, after forty years of constant attendance upon the Sovereigns. Queen Alexandra had good reason for her gushing memento at the funeral, the wreath to her "dear, dear, and ever dear Lord Suffield," for many were the "good turns" rendered to Her Majesty in the great days of the last five decades—turns which no words can ever repay. When Lord Suffield fell under a cloud, therefore, just when the Sea King's daughter most often [illegible] services, and she was on the consort throne of [illegible] Lord Suffield was a loss to Her Majesty which [illegible] be made good. Lord Suffield enjoyed an intimacy [illegible] King Edward and his Consort which had ripened [illegible] affection which only Time can create.

* * *

How Lord Suffield was "Let Down!"

It need scarcely be said that the courtier who [illegible] at the side of the Prince and Princess of Wales [illegible] years, and knew the tenderest chords of their [illegible] all their deepest secrets, became doubly valuable [illegible] death of Queen Victoria made them King and Queen [illegible] England. Though his hair was white, Lord Suffield, [illegible] Accession of the late Monarch, was still very fit, and [illegible] forward to another decade at least of real service [illegible] friends, the new Sovereigns, when a terrible blow [illegible] him. In a moment of kindly generosity he had [illegible] a plausible Jew to attach his name to a club project. [illegible] This seemed a simple matter enough, and Lord Suffield [illegible] had probably forgotten the very existence of the [illegible] when to his horror he found himself the centre of a [illegible] maelstrom of malevolence on the part of a large number [illegible] firms who had been kidded to join the "Article Club" [illegible] the belief that through the influence of Lord Suffield [illegible] were to receive the Royal Warrant, and large orders from [illegible] Buckingham Palace and other influential quarters.

* * *

"Regardless of Personages!"

There was no limit to the wonderful luck [illegible] prophesied as a result of joining the "Article Club," [illegible] institution even arranged Ambassadorial visits to [illegible] provincial cities, with receptions and banquets by [illegible] vincial Lord Mayors, luncheons in coal-mines, and [illegible] galore for London firms, all on the strength of the [illegible] beginning "Lord Suffield presents his compliments." [illegible] At Leeds, when the Chinese Ambassador went to [illegible] instigator of the "Article Club" actually sat at the [illegible] luncheon next to the Lord Mayor. Eventually the [illegible] burst; the "Article Club" was "shown up," and Lord [illegible] Suffield took a sad and sorrowful farewell of the [illegible] King Edward and Queen Alexandra, of course, but the [illegible] whole lurid story of how his guileless Lordship had been [illegible] let down without the slightest intention of [illegible] any one, but there are certain unwritten laws [illegible] at Court which have got to be maintained, regardless of [illegible] personages. Lord Suffield was only one of a number [illegible] peers who have been exploited in recent years.

* * *

The Luckiest of English Monarchs.

The visit of Their Majesties to Paris has passed [illegible] remarkably well, and nothing unpleasant has happened. [illegible] Not that we had any anticipations of trouble, but [illegible] monarchs travel all sorts of scatter-brained people [illegible] their opportunities for mischief. It seems absurd to [illegible] pose that any one would want to take the lives of [illegible] the King or Queen, but you never know! Up to date, [illegible] however, King George has enjoyed an immunity [illegible] attempted assassination which is unrivalled. So far [illegible] one serious attempt has ever been made upon his life, [illegible] so his forefathers! Even the kind-hearted Edward had [illegible] narrow escapes. His journey to Brussels nearly got [illegible] a Royal scalp; and as for Queen Victoria, three [illegible] attempts were made to murder her. So was [illegible] George III. And things have got worse instead of [illegible]

* * *

King Alfonso's Charmed Life.

In the matter of rulership the worst job in the world [illegible] the Presidency of the United States. Three Presidents [illegible] have been murdered in recent times, and the Mayoralty [illegible] of New York seems about the next most-perilous [illegible] Mayor Gaynor was killed by an assassin three years [illegible] ago, and last week the present Mayor, Mr. Mitchel, had [illegible] a very close shave, the would-be murderer's bullet [illegible] a corporation attorney's jaw. In France three Presidents [illegible] have also been murdered, and the only country in Europe [illegible] which has never lost a Monarch by assassination is, [illegible] enough, Spain. And as King Alfonso seems to bear [illegible] a charmed life there is good hope that Spain will keep [illegible] her escutcheon untarnished. But kingship carries [illegible] risks!

* * *

Kaiser Wilhelm Eats Humble Pie.

War-lord and bureaucrat though he is, there are [illegible] the German Emperor dare not do, on his life. Not [illegible] them has just had a curious significance.

She: "Why did you give up aviation?"
He: "So beastly risky. Had my face knocked out of all recognition. I really thought it would never get right."
She (absently): "And did it?"

cellorship of the German Empire, the greatest post nour in the Germanic Confederation is the Viceroyalty lsace-Lorraine. The Zabern *affaire* recently brought the resignation of the Viceroy of Alsace, Count von who has been raised to the highest rank—that of upon his retirement. Now the Kaiser has spent years in trying to win the loyalty of the Alsatians, and g would gratify His Imperial Majesty so completely be able to send one of his sons to the Kaiserpalast in burg as Viceroy, or "Statthalter," as his Excellency ied. The Kaiser dare not do it, however. This fact een often stated by me, and it is well known. Yet how the dream of having a Prussian Royal prince as alter in Strassburg is to the Kaiser's heart was shown ebruary, when the *Daily News's* special correspondent erlin informed its readers that the vacant Viceroyship sace was to be filled by the Emperor's son, Prince st Wilhelm—a statement which I confidently con- ted, knowing the Alsatians as well as I know the ouers.

* * *

t the Kaiser Dare Not Do.

my contradiction of the *Daily News* report I said: re is, of course, no knowing what the Kaiser may *try* . He got a tremendous snub over his effort to place wn nominee (the Kaiserin's brother-in-law) on the e of Lippe-Detmold; he got another through trying ke one of his sons Regent in Brunswick, years before e Ernest of Cumberland went a-courting His Majesty's ter; and thus brought about the Brunswick rapproche- which has ended so happily. And the Kaiser will or another rebuff if he tries to put a Prince from into the Statthalter's Palace in Strassburg." But now his hair is beginning to whiten, Kaiser Wilhelm is g wiser. He wants no more snubs. So he has not ed the *Daily News's* forecast. Instead, he has med his Minister of the Interior to the vacant Viceroy- and there is peace!

* * *

tian Loyalty Mere Lip Service.

e Kaiser has for long been extremely angry with e. Forty-three years have passed since Alsace and ine passed under the sway of the Germanic Empire, Kaiser Wilhelm is still not loved in Strassburg, gh millions of marks have been spent in the Germanisa- of that beautiful old city. The Kaiser has even built himself a handsome palace in Strassburg, and a new and magnificent university near by, in order to stir the Strassburgers to admiration for him. His efforts have proved a failure, however, and his rule in the German Empire of over a quarter of a century has failed to make Alsatian loyalty to him more than mere lip service.

* * *

How the Alsatians Put the Kaiser "in His Place"!

The crisis came in July, 1912. The Alsatian Diet offered a scornful refusal to the Kaiser's behests. His Majesty replied with the threat to destroy the Diet and incorporate Alsace and Lorraine with the Prussian Kingdom. And His Majesty is never likely to forget the sharp way in which he was put in his place as a result! From all over Germany protests simply rained upon His Imperial Majesty, for such a *coup* as the incorporation of Alsace within the Prussian Kingdom is never likely to be within the realm of practical politics while Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemburg (which all shared in the glory of the conquests over the French which gave Alsace back to Germany) have separate and vigorous existences.

* * *

Noble Twins and Triplets.

Lord Howard de Walden's twins have been figuring prominently in the papers during the week-end. Twins have also fallen to the lot of the Marquis and Marchioness of Linlithgow, and there are several other cases of twins born to Peeresses; but has a Peeress ever given birth to triplets? At the moment we cannot remember such an occurrence, but one of the most popular of our baronets comes of a family in which triplets are not unknown. He is Sir Gilbert Greenall, of Walton Hall, Warrington. Sir Gilbert is the son of the late baronet whose father, the rich Warrington brewer, married his cousin, Annie, daughter of Peter Greenall, Esq., by whom he had sixteen children, seven of whom were born separately, while six others represented three pairs of twins, and the other three were born at one birth! As all these children were Greenalls on both sides, the present Lady Greenall may consider herself fortunate that she has so far escaped this family characteristic!

* * *

Blood and the Peerage.

Those absurd people who are so fond of saying that the Nobility is degenerate, and requires "fresh blood," will be interested in the engagement of Lord Hardwicke's

brother, the Hon. Claude Yorke, to pretty Miss May Zarifi, the daughter of one of the Greek magnates of Park Lane. It is true that some members of Our Old Nobility are not conspicuous for their brains, but it isn't through abuses of consanguinity. The Peerage, as a matter of fact, is constantly receiving infusions of new blood. Only the other day the second heir to the Earl of Iddesleigh married a pretty Jewish millionairess from Germany; the Marquess of Cholmondeley's eldest son married a Greek damsel, Miss Ralli, as did his brother also; Lord Dalmeny and his brother, Neil Primrose, are half Jews; the Duke of Manchester's mother was a Spanish-American, and the future bearers of half a dozen earls' coronets are the sons of musical comedy girls. The Marquess of Donegall's mother is a Canadian, so is the Earl of Albemarle's mother; so is—but there, we could go on all night demonstrating that if there is anything the matter with the "Upper Ten" in 1914 it isn't for want of "fresh blood"!

* * *

A Curious Source of New Blood to the Nobility.

One curious way in which new blood is infused into the aristocracy is by the recent trick of elevating all the Lord Mayors of London to the Baronetage. This is a custom of quite recent years, and only began when a living Lord Mayor, Sir G. Faudel-Phillips, a Jew, was "barted" in the year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, when the Lord Mayor lavishly entertained Her Majesty in the City. Up to that time, the Lord Mayors were merely knoghts, and Sir G. Faudel-Phillips's own father was one of the Lord Mayors who received knighthood. All the Chief Magistrates of London have been "barted" since 1897, and though they may have begun life as bottle-washers, they finish up by founding families of rank and position, who are placed on a level with the old Norman families, like the De Hoghtons and the Stricklands of Sizergh, who have been in the Baronetage for three centuries, and are "as good as anybody"!

* * *

The Patriarch of the Upper Chamber.

For several centuries, however, the Peerage has received infusions of blood from the rich corporators of London. Old Lord Ducie, for instance. He is a great man in "West Countrie," and the Patriarch of the House of Lords, where he has sat for over sixty years. The first of the Ducies was Sir Robert Ducie, a Lord Mayor of London who lent King Charles some eighty thousand pounds—and the "Royal Martyr" had no difficulty in forgetting. To-days the Ducies are on the footsteps of the Throne, the old Earl's brother, Richard Moreton, used to be [illegible] about St. James's as Marshal of the Ceremonies [illegible] reigns. His wife was an Honorary Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany. Lord Ducie has a fine place [illegible] Tortworth Court in Gloucestershire, and he is a [illegible] yachtsman, and has been Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire for nearly sixty years.

* * *

Who is the "Countess of St. Neots"?

One hears of queer people in the Sunday *Observer* [illegible] times. Last Sunday week Mr. Garvin's paper told us that "the Countess of St. Neots has arrived at St. Neots, [illegible] London." We should like to know more about this interesting lady. Up till Sunday we had never heard of her. Also, the *Observer* noted that the "Earl of and Viscount Radnor" had been at the Grosvenor Hotel. If this is true, that the Earl of Radnor and his son had been there, should have referred to the Earl of Radnor and Viscount Folkestone. There is no such person as "Viscount Radnor." But these Sunday papers are so slipshod!

* * *

An Ill-omened Derby Favourite.

What a chapter of accidents seems to have followed the Tetrarch and his "family." The head of this notable clan of Irishmen is Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, who has the distinction of having seen active service on behalf of his country in more varied parts of the earth than any other British officer. He retired in 1906, and being [illegible] Colonel of the 7th Hussars, and having built himself a fine house on his own beloved Antrim coast some [illegible] odd years ago, retired there to play golf for the rest of his days. His nephew, Major McCalmont, is M.P. for East Antrim, and the McCalmonts are the "best people" in that part of Ulster. Then came the Home Rule Bill

Mistress: "Giles, I want to tell you that I am going to make a change. I am going to give you a shilling extra a week instead of allowing you beer at your meals. How will that suit you?"
Giles: "Well, I'd rather have it the old way, miss. You see, I drinks the beer myself, but the missus 'd get the shilling."

She: "Is your picture of Venus at the Academy on the line?"
He: "No, but it's a bit near the line."

the certainty of "trouble." Sir Hugh McCalmont determined to have nothing to do with the wretched business, left Abbeylands, took all his furniture, and sought fresh woods and pastures new, as becomes a true British officer in a devilish tight corner—'twixt love and duty!

* * *

The Tetrarch's Doom.

The gallant General left his grounds open for the Ulster volunteers to drill in, however, and thus paved the way for the Silly Suffs, who set light to Abbeylands, and completely destroyed the mansion, leaving nothing but the bare walls standing. In the meantime, Captain McCalmont sees his horse, "The Tetrarch," selected as favourite for the Derby, and then himself comes a cropper in the Irish Grand National, when his mount crossed its legs, and got the Captain underneath, with serious damages to his person. Now "The Tetrarch" is said to have gone wrong in his wind, in spite of Henry Chaplin's assertion that "The Tetrarch is the best two-year-old he has ever seen in his life—not excluding Hermit. There is like to be another "sensational" Derby this year, methinks!

* * *

The Army Some Good After All!

Since the days when the redoubtable "Gunner" Moir was such a terror amongst English boxers, the Army has been remarkably well represented amongst the champions of the "noble" game. "Bombardier" Wells, "Bandsman" Blake, "Drummer" This and "Bugler" That, with lots of minor punchers of the rank of Corporal, have helped to maintain the reputation of the British Army for real warriors." Now, however, a sailor is to become the hero of the hour—"Gunboat" Smith, an American, who hopes to take the bays from the brow of no less formidable a fighter than Georges Carpentier. Well, we wish him luck. Our amateurs and professionals have done so shockingly at the sports of late—we blush to mention the word Tennis!—that we are quite willing all the kudos in boxing should go to the Army and Navy, which are, at any rate, national affairs.

* * *

Boxers and Snobs!

Talking of boxers reminds me of an old friend just dead, the late Canon McCormick, who for so many years was the idol of the ladies of Mayfair at the Court Church of St. James's in Piccadilly. The Canon loved to go back fifty years, and to recount his great fights in his Cambridge days. One day, when he had expatiated for a long time on the glories of the "noble art," I said, quite ingenuously (it was ten years ago)—"My dear Canon, why do you not put these opinions on paper for the benefit of those who are as keen as yourself upon the revival of boxing, but have no weight in influencing the movement?" To which the dear old parson replied: "Great Scott! my dear fellow! why, I should have all the old ladies in Mayfair swarming round me and asking me how I *dare* adumbrate such heterodox theories." (In those days I used to think people who thought one thing and said another were snobs. Now I know they are philosophers.)

* * *

Unearned Increment.

Every obituary of Sir John Ramsden mentioned the fact that the family property included Huddersfield, but not a single one stated how such a valuable asset as the land now covered by the big Yorkshire town came to the Ramsdens. The manor was acquired in quite a legitimate way in Elizabeth's reign by William Ramsden, of Longley Hall, not far away, son of John Ramsden, who was underfarmer of the revenue for the manor of Huddersfield. For rather less than a thousand pounds William Ramsden purchased the manor from the Crown, and though he no doubt thought his bargain an excellent one he little imagined what a splendid investment he was actually making for his descendants.

The annual value of the then little village on the banks of the Calder amid barren moors was £23 odd. In two hundred years Huddersfield had a population of nearly 10,000, and had become the resort of woollen cloth merchants and factors, with a business greater than that of any other cloth market in the Kingdom. The town has continued to prosper (and incidentally make its owners one of the richest families in the Kingdom), and probably has now a population of a hundred thousand souls. William Ramsden's eldest son was Sir John, a distinguished Royalist knight of the Civil Wars, and Sir John's grandson was the first baronet, another John, who greatly improved the property by obtaining from Charles II. a charter to hold a weekly market in Huddersfield. These market rights the corporation purchased from the late Sir John Ramsden for £43,000, which sum included the purchase of the site.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

A PLAIN MAN'S VIEW OF ULSTER.

The good old game of political lying still goes merrily on in the House of Commons. But we appear now to be getting down to the real business of lying at Westminster, and to be deciding at last to cast off some of the hypocritical pretence that has so long characterized the House of Commons method. All parties know, and knew, of course, for long years before I had the impudence to tell them so, that they were all liars. But it has remained for Mr. Bonar Law to come out in the open and deliberately charge the Prime Minister with being a liar. And although I cannot say that I see in Mr. Bonar Law anything that even faintly reminds me of Balfour and Disraeli and Salisbury and all the other great leaders of the Conservative Party, I must say that I see in the fact that he has the courage to get up in his place and call the Prime Minister a liar an improvement on some of the methods of his more famous predecessors, and a most promising sign for the future of our politics. If I were running this country and Empire (which, I may say, I don't think I shall be doing for a little while, at any rate) the first thing I should do would be to nationalize the railways. Not because I am a Socialist, dear reader, or an anarchist, or anything terrible like that. Oh, dear no! But just so that I could get hold of all those magnificent advertisement spaces which make our railway stations look so pretty when we wobble away for our summer holidays in search of beauty and restfulness for the eye. And having got hold of them, I should placard them from one end of the kingdom to the other with bits of poetry, like this: "Don't vote for Asquith—liar!" "Don't vote for Bonar Law—liar!" "Don't vote for Lloyd George—liar!" "Don't vote for Carson—liar!" "Don't vote for the *Times*—liar!" "Don't vote for the *Daily News*—liar!" "Don't vote for the *Star*—liar!" "Don't vote for the *Daily Mail*—liar!" All political liars, dear reader! Every man Jack of them!

Look at the way in which they are all busy now; up to their necks in the great game of lying and codding one another over this Ulster gun-running business. All of them afraid of one another. All of them trying to run our little Empire for their own ends and for party ends. Asquith trying to lie himself out of the nasty fact that he has allowed things to get so bad in Ulster that now he does not know what the devil to do to get out of the mess. Bonar Law trying to lie himself out of the nasty fact that he has been tampering with the Army until he has got in such a tight corner along with friend Carson that heaven only knows how he is going to get out of it. And all the time this little Home Rule business could be settled over a whisky-and-soda if there were some of the old esprit de corps that made our country what it is (or was) hanging around as it used to hang round in the days of Nelson and Wellington. And the sum-total of it all will be that in the end Ulster will have to succumb, as all minorities have to succumb. If minorities had not to succumb to majorities, all life would, as I need not remind you, reader, be utterly impossible in a civilized sense. The vast majority of the Irish want Home Rule and therefore should have Home Rule, and if the minority in Ulster does not like it the minority in Ulster should be made to lump it, just as you and I, and all peoples, have to lump a hundred things that we utterly despise. That is the way in which I am sure the plain man in the street looks upon Home Rule, quite apart from party politics, with which I have nothing to do, thank God! Grown-up individuals must look after themselves and take the consequences. And equally so grown-up nations must rule themselves and take the consequences. If they prove unable to govern themselves wisely—well, this is their own look out. The idea that England, after a hundred and more years of bother with Ireland, wants to be bothered with her any more is the veriest moonshine. England—all parties—is sick to death of Ireland as a political machine. And the plain man in the street has got to the point when he says: Let Ireland stew in her own juice, as we have to do if we make a mess of things. We are told an unconscionable lot of twaddle by the political tubthumpers about the noble and gallant bravery of Ulster at the present moment. But it seems to me that the idea of Ulster tackling the resources of the British Army and Navy—as she will have to tackle them if she does not stop all her volunteer tomfoolery and bunkum—is not bravery at all, but the most childish form of nursery soldiering that ever infested the minds of a bigoted and fatheaded people. My idea of bravery and gallant conduct on the part of Ulster would be to cease to confess before the world—as she is doing—that she is afraid in a most cowardly manner to take Home Rule and fight out the future of her country with the Nationalists whom she thinks are opposed to her interests. The idea that Ulster with all her wealth and resources and population should for one moment consider it possible—even if it were attempted—for the Nationalists to crush her like a beetle in an Irish Parliament is, in my humble opinion, one of the most cowardly and ignominious positions ever taken up by a brave and resolute people.

We have got into the terrible mess in which we find ourselves to-day, as regards Ulster, just because our rulers have shamefully and sentimentally been afraid of having the courage of their convictions. And that is the sort of courage that made our Empire—not merely the courage to stand in front of the bullets when the great ordeal comes. Mr. Asquith and his Government have not had the courage of their convictions. If they had had it, they would long ago have stopped the preparations for rebellion in Ulster even to the point of shooting down the rebels who would seek to dictate to England and the Empire, and to preach the preposterous doctrine that in the case of Ulster alone among the people of the Empire the majority should not rule. John Bright, with all his grandeur and glorious eloquence, never made a more foolish remark than when he said that "Force is no remedy." It is a remedy, and what is more, it is the only remedy in the last resort. And I, at any rate, as a plain man with no party politics to hamper me in the formation of my opinions, prefer to take my stand at the present crisis in British history on the side of the great masses of the people who are saying to themselves to-day: If the Army will not do its duty as it has so gloriously done it in the past, then we will take over the Army ourselves, and by democratizing it make sure for all time, so far as we can, that it shoots when it is called upon to shoot, and shoots too with deadly aim and decisive effect. To one who knows the vast Colonies of our Empire and sees in his mind's eye a vision of them to-day ringing on their bells a peal of derision and ridicule at the spectacle of England afraid to tackle this Ulster rebellion in the spirit of their fathers, it comes right home that, as the brave man in the Cabinet has so eloquently said, there are, after all, worse things than bloodshed, and the time has come to put these grave matters to the proof.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

Next month's "celebrations" at Lord's will be not in honour of the one hundredth anniversary of the M.C.C., but of the hundredth year of the present Lord's ground. It was so long ago as 1787 that good old Thomas Lord started operations on the spot now known as Dorset Square, to be eventually routed out by the "speculative builder" of his time. Those were the bad old days of betting and wagering on cricket, and bets of a thousand guineas a-piece upwards were frequently exchanged. It has been a happy thought to commemorate the centenary of Lord's by matches between Johnny-won't-hit-to-day Douglas's South African team and the "Rest," and (under the immediate patronage of King George) the Army and the Navy. F. E. Lacey, by the way, is still so ill that John Shuter, the old Surrey skipper, remains secretary pro. tem. at St. John's Wood.

* * *

In the "agony" column of a leading penny daily last week was seen the following: "WILL kind, generous wealthy lady or gentleman GIVE (not lend) £1,000 to family gentle birth? References, full particulars, gladly given. Address, E.A., etc." A fair exchange—the one gladly given and the other gladly received. But why lay such stress on the GIVE? It surely comes to the same thing in the end.

* * *

A current advertisement runs: "When nature casts aside the gloomy mantle of winter for the glowing garb of summer, when nesting birds greet the sun from every tree, when the blossom-laden fruit trees spread fragrance through the air—then it is Nature's own time for music." Now we understand why we have never been a musical nation.

* * *

"It is not *suprising* to hear, in view of the unbounded popularity which he has enjoyed there, that Mr. Mason intends to return to America in the autumn," says the *Westminster Gazette*. We agree. It is certainly not "suprising."

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Lord Lilford, it appears, is so fond of the god-almighty tone of some of our old aristocracy that he threatened two hundred and fifty of his labourers that if they did not give up their membership of the Agricultural Workers' Union they must leave his employ. Seven refused; the others gave in. Which is not to be wondered at, perhaps, considering that they were faced with the prospect of giving up their magnificent wages of 15s. a week and starving. Lord Lilford may be a darned fine cricketer, but he also appears to be a darned fine ass in matters of diplomatic dealings with the working classes. However, as one of his party papers tells us, with a sacred pretence of benevolence, that Lady Lilford is a most generous Lady Bountiful, who actually on one occasion distinguished herself by presenting a nice new set of false teeth to one of his lordship's labourers, we must, we suppose, look upon the two hundred and fifty labourers as veritable gluttons in the matter of rights, when they fail to appreciate such beautiful benevolence, and dare, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more from the sacrosanct Peerage of England.

* * *

Those behind the scenes can see a nice row brewing in Rhodesia over the question of coming into the Union of South Africa, or staying out under the ægis of the Chartered Company. The latter is far from being popular with the settlers, but the former is still less so—so there you are. Rhodesia is very English, and cannot stand the prospect of getting under the thumb of Botha or Hertzog. At the recent election for the Legislative Council the "Doctor Jim" party won the day, but the Jameson Raid hero will have all his work cut out to fight the Botha influences in the coming years. Still, "Doctor Jim" is all there for any sort of a fight, as those of us who knew him in the old Kimberley days could tell in many a yarn. What an extraordinary man this is, and what a book he could write if he would only open his mouth! For instance, he might tell the inside story of a certain smallpox scare in Kimberley. There was a regular epidemic, and if it had got about that the disease was smallpox the town would have been ruined. The natives would have fled from the mines, etc., and all work would have been stopped. So "Doctor Jim" (knowing all the time it was smallpox) just gave a definite certificate that it was only a mild form of cowpox, and everybody breathed freely. A little illustration of the invariable motto of Rhodes and Jameson—the means justify the end. They stuck at nothing to attain their ends, but both of them were always ripping good fellows in the eyes of all good South Africans. They always toed the line and stood the fizz and drank the fizz (and Cecil could fairly shift it, as the poet said), and took a broad English look upon life, very different from that of the Petticoat Lane hook-nosed monstrosities, who have, unfortunately, made South Africa stink in the nostrils of decent people, when they don't represent South Africa as a whole at all.

* * *

A vast amount of money and time was recently expended in determining "what is a sardine," but it seems to us that it is far more desirable that we should know what are claret, port, and sherry. It is not generally known that there is a large trade in this country in bogus foreign wines. Ports, clarets, sherries, and even hocks and moselles, are purchased by a gullible public, which does not know that the basis of their manufacture is an importation called "must," also currants and raisins. These home-manufactured wines are fairly palatable, and the consumer imagines he is getting the genuine article from France, Spain, or Portugal as the case may be!

* * *

The seller and purchaser of these faked wines may be quite satisfied, but should not the latter know what he is buying, and what about the revenue and the legitimate wine trade? On the "wines" there is a heavy loss to the revenue, and it is surprising no Chancellor of the Exchequer has tackled the question.

* * *

A rather fulsome reference to the clever lady, Lady Bathurst, who owns the *Morning Post*, stated that her father, Lord Glenesk, belonged to the same family as the Lords Borthwick. True, Lord Glenesk's name was Borthwick, but he had no connection whatever with the old stock. His father was Peter Borthwick, son of an agricultural labourer, who worked all his life on a farm in Midlothian. Peter, being clever, enterprising, and a great "pusher," became a Member of Parliament when still a comparatively young man, though his latter life was embittered by pecuniary difficulties. His son Algernon, however, made good, was knighted, next created a baronet, then a peer, and died very wealthy, though obsessed towards the end of his life by the idea that he was poor and must be economical.

* *

A choice example of magisterial aberration, and one fairly typical of the ridiculous leniency which too many of the Great Unpaid show towards human brutes who torture animals in their charge, is afforded by the Brentford Bench. A canal barge driver was before them charged with cruelly ill-treating a grey mare at Greenford, Middlesex. The veterinary surgeon certified that the poor animal was dreadfully lame, and only fit to be destroyed, but the smug chairman, while telling the defendant that he was guilty of gross cruelty, and that the animal must be killed, merely fined him twenty shillings! And the man had also kicked the constable who took him into custody. Nobody but justices of the intellectual calibre of Shallow would consider a penalty of a few shillings adequate punishment for atrocious cruelty of this kind.

AFTER "PYGMALION."

Bertie (to Algy): "I wonder what she would say if I offered her my escort for a walk across the Gardens?"

A Zulu belle may be said to be like the prophets because she has not much on-'er in her own country.

* * *

The *Evening News* tells us that His Majesty's newly-appointed native military attachés were in charge of Major Rickards, of the 18th Lancers. One wonders if King Carson's illustrious war-scarred army has at last obtained Court recognition, as no such regiment figures in the British Army list.

MORE OR LESS.

Girls and Gowns.

The usual lot of gush has been talked and written about the late Royal visit to Paris. People have been so anxious to please that they have even enthused over the Queen's frocks and hats, which have certainly never before erred in the way of smartness. But the gallantry of the Parisian is unbounded where a woman is concerned. Had Queen Mary worn a skirt so ample that it billowed around her like the foam of the sea he would still have found something pretty to say about its "gracious looseness." A Frenchman is never at a loss to find an excuse for a compliment or a duel. But, all the same, one rather doubts that Royal fashions will ever become popular with "ces dames." By the way, what happened to Madame Poincaré? Had her President husband given her a hint, or what? Usually the pink of elegance, she verged on dowdiness during the State visit? Anyway, now that all the fuss is over and that everybody concerned is jolly glad it is, by all means let the papers go on puffing the value of amplitude, both in clothes and morals. For there is nothing pretty about the present fashions, and the sooner their designers are sent to visit the place that is paved with good intentions and dressmakers' bills, the better.

* * *

Court Trains and Mephisto.

When you come to think of it, a Court dressmaker is very often a good agent for the devil. Many a Marguerite has scraped acquaintance with Mephisto through an unpaid account. There is a play running now showing what other things besides material ones go to the making of a gown. A play showing what other things besides a cheque went to the paying of one, would be much more interesting; only I suppose the Censor would have awakened out of his beauty sleep by then. Nobody, outside of a fairy-tale, ever wakes up at the right time. It always seems to me, seeing what a short thing life really is—the part that counts, I mean—that we waste far too much time in sleep. There are many other things we might do with the time now given to the slumber god. There are other gods well worth attention. But the trouble is they want such a lot of time up to. You couldn't propitiate Cupid, for instance, in the papers. And even jolly old Bacchus expects you to wear vine-leaves in your hair when you feast with him. Those gods aside, the hours we devote to sleep might equally well be devoted to man. He needs a lot of cultivation, especially nowadays. The days of gallantry are dead as mutton in most things. Modern men may serve women kneeling for half an hour, but then they get up and rest their legs for the rest of their lives.

* * *

Mauve and "Mary."

Everywhere you go now you see a banner waving. Mauve and green it trails from every square and garden and open space. It isn't the Suffragette flag, but just a lilac tree in full bloom. A spring gown of these two colours would make even an old maid feel like Flora. But no self-respecting woman would dream of donning this colour mixture. Is it that the militant maid—is she only militant because she is a maid?—has spoilt it for anything but a mauve rag to John Bull. What a lot of nice things in the world are spoilt by the indiscriminate use of them by other people. Mary, for example—one of the prettiest of woman's names—Sir J. Barrie spoilt it. He wrote an absurd play dealing with somebody's "inside," and labelled that inside "Little Mary." Why couldn't he have called it a st——ch. Oh! but you're getting—Barrie isn't Shaw.

* * *

Millionaires' Mausoleums.

"What's become of all the gold?" asked Browning. He was referring to woman's hair. I ask the same question, but I am referring to cash. Everybody I meet seems to be hard up. They all seem to be like a certain newspaper reduced to a penny. And yet people insist that this is a prosperous year. I suppose it is, for the millionaires. But I do not happen to be one of those lucky beings. And if I were I shouldn't live in Park Lane. Park Lane always gives me the shivers. Its tall gaunt houses, glaring with their curtained eyes at a noisy street down which motors rattle night and day, look to me somehow like expensive tombs. No wonder so many of them are shut up! The houses, I mean, not the millionaires. Taking it all round, if I could get sufficient credit to live comfortably I would sooner be a Bohemian than anything else. It may mean a top floor flat, but it means all the good things in life—the first floor of life as well.

* * *

Clocks and Socks.

I hear that some woman somewhere the other night created a sensation by appearing in flesh-coloured slippers and stockings to match. Quite bare fa—legged of her, was the word. But nothing surprises me these days. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that a lady went to supper at the Savoy with a diamond star in her hair and nothing else. All the evening frocks of the moment are made of a material dressmakers call "illusion," and very well it lives up to its name. It would be a delusion to take it for anything else. But no woman should cling to her stockings if she discards everything else; for hosiery is a very useful index of character. You can always judge a woman by the kind of stockings she wears. Thick hose betoken a chilly disposition. Of course, silk ankles generally mean a warm heart. Of course. It doesn't really seem necessary to tell a man anything these days about the feminine sex—he seems to have found it all out for himself; but, for the benefit of any possibly uninitiated male who may chance to read these lines, let me tell him that the clocks on a woman's stockings often run

LOUISE HEILGERS.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Hullo, old man! Haven't seen you for ages. Come and have a drink."
"Sorry, Charlie. I'm T.T.!"
"Gad, Then you ought to sue that nose of yours for libel."

Hostess: I am glad you children decided to come in for dinner.

Little Josie: We didn't tum for dinner; we tum to see Willie's grandpa eat his soup.

* * *

"Daubs, old man, I've only one fault to find with your great temperance painting."

"What is it?"

"You're trying to paint your old toper's nose in natural colours."

NUTS IN MAY.

The other morning I called on Corinna and asked her to come a-maying.

"Let's go and look for nuts," I said.

We hadn't gone very far when a splash of colour approached us.

"There's one," said Corinna.

"One what?" I asked.

"One nut," she returned. "Isn't it sweet?"

I don't know how on earth he managed it, but he made me think of a military band playing fortissimo . . . and I did long for a gun. Although he wasn't the kind of nut I set out specially to look for that morning, his appearance made me ruminate on the vicissitudes of nuts in general, and of those nuts in particular whose bread and salt I have eaten, whose water and wine I have drunk.

Look at them now: the perfection of art. Their hair is sleek as a raven's wing; their ties are wondrous in their colouring. The very thought moves me to rhyme. Their trouser-crease vies with a razor-edge in acuteness, and their socks—ah me! their socks cry out to Heaven. That is the bright side of the nut's existence Now look on the drab. Suddenly the rain pours down; the unshrinkables . . .

But no more of that. Life is real, life is earnest.

In this weary world of ours some above all other things love women; some song; some wine. A few even prefer whisky. My whilom friend Tubbins, however, with all the love that his great heart was capable of, loved, above all other things, socks. He collected them as you and I collect postage stamps, white mice, or rents. Blue socks he had, green socks, yellow socks, red socks—socks of all the colours you see on a soap bubble when the sun shines on it; and socks of all the colours you don't see on a soap bubble when the sun shines on it. Early in life his father disowned him for wearing Stewart tartan socks at an uncle's funeral; and his sister, through venturing into her brother's room when his socks were on dress parade, was smitten with achromatopsia or colour-blindness. Last year a mutual friend carried off first prize at a fancy-dress ball by appearing as a rainbow with the aid of Tubbins' socks; and once, waiting in Tubbins' chambers, this same mutual friend and I, to pass the sluggard hours, utilised a checked pair (of socks, of course, not hours) as a draught-board.

And the moral for which you have waited so patiently is contained in the following words: Tubbins is now in an asylum. So enamoured of socks did he become that he persisted in trying to venture abroad sans trousers, sans shirt, sans coat, sans anything in fact but socks. In this way alone, he thought, could justice be done to their manifold charms. Every morning armed resistance was necessary to defeat his vile designs on the public's sanity, and in the end he was removed to Colney Hatch; which, all things considered, served him jolly well right.

It is with pride I state that nuts are someitmes martyrs of the noblest type, or the deepest dye. I knew one, Duffin by name, who wore corsets to reduce his embonpoint, regardless of physical pain; and each morning at his toilette, what a Homeric struggle was waged, my countrymen! How the clothing creaked! How the button-holes eluded their respective buttons! How soul at length triumphed over body. "God of battles," I thought, as I looked on with shining eyes, "was ever a battle fought like this before?" And yet in public Duffin never smiled; it was generally thought that he had been crossed in love. They little knew!

When the weary day was over, in the privacy of his own chamber Duffin each night would enjoy to the full the witty things of life. His laugh rang loud and clear; then came the deluge.

How there was a rending sound; how his body burst its bonds; how I scrambled under the bed to escape the fusilade of buttons that ensued—these things require an abler pen than mine to describe—Shakespeare's, for instance.

Poor Duffin! He now rests in peace.

Nuts may shine in July; they may even scintillate in June; but in May they positively effervesce with brilliancy, and to the pure in spirit seem to possess glorious aureoles. In this merry month it is that nuts are at their height; and to the true one there is pathos in the misfit of a shoe-lace. I relate the following incident to show the shadow and shine which is life, and to show the stuff that British nuts are made of.

"AM I IN TIME?"

Last night I called to see one. On the floor he lay in a deep swoon, clad in a brand new suit; and by his side lay a crumpled copy of this periodical. Tenderly I raised his head and chafed his brows, and my solicitous efforts were at last rewarded by signs of returning life.

"Brave heart," I said, soothingly, "brace up. Whatever's wrong? Been reading one of my articles?"

"No," he gasped, "my new suit . . . See." His voice was as the voice of a lost soul. "Look! Do you see? See. My suit has one button." He threw back his head and laughed wildly. "Only one button. 'Captain Saunders' says there should be two!" And uttering a heart-rending shriek he fell to the floor once more in a death-like swoon. Fact!

ERIC DE BANZIE.

Isn't it about time that the censor of kinematograph plays began to use his powers in a sane and consistent manner? Many pictures are passed for exhibition which contain incidents that cannot have any good influence upon the children who see them, while others, which are really only a mass of sensational foolishness, are banned, thus given a fine Press booming, and are eventually passed by the censor with practically no alterations in the scenario as originally submitted. But the picture of "Nero," of which we were given a private view, although a gem of artistry in many parts, contains several incidents, one in particular being a voluptuous scene of feasting, in which Nero and his youths figure largely, which certainly call for the snip of the censor's scissors. Incidents that would be hissed off the stage by adults are becoming only too common upon the screen at the picture palaces, where children form a good proportion of the patrons.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

What Princess Mary thought of the badly-written post-card wishing her "many happy returns of the day," and signed "Jack," which was sent to her from one of His Majesty's training vessels at Portsmouth?

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Why was not Sir Frederick Low, K.C., M.P., made a judge, and are not the Government getting unnecessarily nervous about those by-elections?

* * *

Is it true that Mr. Lloyd George is buying more land at Walton Hill, and why is he so anxious to join the ranks of the landowners?

* *

What do the auctioneers think about the economical tactics of the Duke of Marlborough in acting as his own auctioneer?

* *

How do the two 'tecs, who spend day and night outside Mr. Lloyd George's country house, like their job?

* *

Who is the famous dancer who is suing a manager for slander, and will the debated question as to whether her dancing is improper be threshed out in Court?

* *

Who is the peer who owes the doorkeeper at his Pall Mall club the sum of three pounds—"money lent"?

* *

How Mr. Matheson Lang caught the severe cold which has caused his temporary absence from the cast of "Mr. Wu," and if he will take the lady friend's advice to wear cork soles in his shoes?

* *

The identity of the new member of the Bath Club whom nobody seems to know anything about, and who is so careless as to who happens to be within hearing when he recounts his very "so-so" stories?

* *

If the King of Spain has just had a gold-plate and mother-of-pearl typewriter constructed for private use at the Royal Palace of Madrid?

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The name of the Russian Prince, who, finding a parcel in his motor-car, and concluding that it was a bomb, threw it out of the window; and if he did not feel very foolish when he discovered that it was a jewel case which he had himself instructed his chauffeur to fetch from the jeweller's?

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If Mr. Shaw says that b—— can be used without the slightest offence if used "sincerely and artistically"?

* * *

If the nephew of a certain famous admiral is at present filling the rôle of commercial traveller in ladies' and gent.'s hosiery, and why?

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Why Mr. Solly Joel looked so mournful at the Queen's the other evening, and when he is going to shave off that patriarchal beard of his?

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If Lord Justice Vaughan Williams is annoyed at the incident published in one of the daily papers which describes him as "walking along Fleet Street with an old lemon under his arm," and if there really is any foundation whatever for the story?

* * *

If the King was not really very bored at the Crystal Palace Cup Final?

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The identity of the young lord who celebrated his coming of age with the very lively little supper party given to the members of a certain West End theatre company, and if he was not a trifle bewildered by the ruinous charges for "breakages" which figured on the bill?

*

"He proposes to every girl he meets."
"Habit?"
"No. System."

A daily paper states that "the Prince of Wales has had conferred upon him the Norwegian Order of St. Olav, Grand Cross of St. Olav with chain." It was nice of them to include the chain.

*

Who were the Chelsea art students who painted the "futurist" designs on the bare skin of the model? and if she is now undergoing a tedious and painful process for the removal of the same, if she has threatened to sue the perpetrators of the joke for heavy damages, and by what means she will demonstrate to the jury the extent of the damage done?

*

The identity of the High Court official who is in the throes of a very trying matrimonial situation, and if he will not completely ruin his career if his wife elopes with the playwright as she has threatened to do?

*

If the newspaper proprietor is still wondering who the masked lady was who spoke to him at the Fleet Street Revel?

*

We are told that a company of English touring actors, stranded at some outlandish place in America, were forced to spend the night in some stables. They managed to fill the stalls, anyway.

*

If Miss Grace La Rue has stated in the action which she is bringing against her husband, Mr. Byron Chandler, that, in consequence of his ill-usage, she is unable to wear the décolleté dresses essential to her success on the stage?

* * *

If Miss Marie Corelli, inspired by the suggestion conveyed in "My Lady's Dress," is about to write a novel entitled "The Morals of Mannequins"?

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If the American lady who some months back became the proprietor of a London hotel has not already dropped a great deal of money over the venture?

* * *

If Lady Iveagh and Lady Paget have abandoned the ball to which Dublin Society had been looking forward with such eager anticipation, on account of the deplorable state of affairs brought about by the Home Rule question, and if it is not a great pity that political quarrels should be allowed to interfere with social pleasures?

Mdlle. Gaby Deslys' latest "conquest," ... her with a diamond necklace which ... —puts her famous string of pearls into

* * *

... a cat has just hatched a nest of hen's eggs ... chicks. Patience rewarded.

* * *

... tress of the city tea-shop left so suddenly ... she "wanted" by the police on a white

* * *

... is the flapper who has been doing such a roaring ... among the scholars of the select South-coast boarding ... in selling the autographs of Princess Mary and her ... best friend, ... is the sister of one of the newly appointed ...

* * *

... Maclaren is so cross with the *Times* for ... he "wants" to play for Lancashire this

* * *

... of powder-puffs has gone up owing to the use of swansdown for dress trimmings?

* * *

... musical comedy lady's "at liberty" cards are from the local hotel instead of from her home?

* * *

... extra "cramming" will go on among ... now that the Oxford University is to ...

* *

... have burnt down two large wheat ... Norfolk. The last straw!

* * *

... of the contents of the peculiar ... which Lady Drogheda brought ... Paris?

* *

... Grace Mackenzie is really serious ... says that she intends shortly to make ... the North Pole?

* *

... porter playfully pulled the long hair ... in the Strand the other day, and ... surprised to receive a terrific left ... nose-breaking right, in the twinkling ... "Pray, if you see me again do not ... it," said the æsthete sweetly. We ...

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... word that has caused ... remind me of an incident at ... several summers ago. ... due to begin it was dis- ... were minus one umpire. ... pressed into the service, ... confessed that he knew "nowt ... "Oh, that's all right," said the ... "All that you'll have to do is ... what you think." "Aw think aw ... replied the budding umpire. ... been in progress for long ... of stumping took place. ... cried the wicket-keeper. "It's ... replied the umpire, with

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... story is recalled by the death ..., the novelist. When he ... came with "The Stickit ... short stories were all the ... dressed lady entered ... said to say: "I'm not sure ... 'The Cricket Minister' by ... 'Croquet Minister' by

What was the nature of the letter picked up at the Hotel Savoy last week, commencing "Darling Curly Chips"? Wasn't it fortunate for the original recipient that it was returned to him shortly after it was found?

* * *

Hasn't this letter an important bearing upon a divorce case that came before the court some five months ago, and wouldn't the whole complexion of the case have been altered if this could have been brought forward as evidence in the counter suit?

* * *

Who is the actor at present playing in "Kismet" who came upon the large well-filled sack in the gutter of Mecklenburg Square last week? Did he imagine that it contained a human body, and what were his and the policeman's feelings when it was opened and some black hair was seen? Did he feel relieved when, after the lamp that had fallen from his hand was relit, the carcase was found to be that of a large black retriever dog? Also, did he claim compensation from the constable for breaking his gold-mounted stick in his efforts to turn the sack over?

* * *

If the King of Siam (of lyrical fame) is looking for trouble with a European Power—not France this time? If before doing so the White Elephant monarch hadn't better bear in mind the Franco-Siamese troubles of his late father, good old Chula Long Korn?

* * *

If it be true that "Ranji" is likely to vacate the throne of Jamnagar in favour of his youthful nephew? And if so, why so?

* * *

The identity of the fair(?) co-respondent in the suit being brought by the handsome revue actress who temporarily quitted the stage when she married into (or near to) the Peerage?

Patient: "You can save my life, doctor?"

Doctor (intensely interested): "Ah, that is uncertain, my dear sir; but we shall have to perform a number of most interesting operations."

TABLOID TOPICS.

Official report says that the census embraces 17,000,000 women. Who wouldn't be a census!

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"More Destroyers Off Down," says a headline. We sincerely hope not. The Navy is really getting quite unsafe.

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Evening News heading: "How Motorists Are Bled." Not to speak of those whom they run down.

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Decorators are devising black-and-white bedrooms. For people who are given to brown studies, perhaps.

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The papers tell us that an ex-statesman has attained the age of ninety years. He must feel XC-dingly old.

* * *

Selfridge's advertise their "All-cane chair." It's about time the author of "The Deemster" was sat upon.

* * *

A famous whistler who was the rage in London some years ago has just died in abject poverty. A poor look-out for our office boy.

* * *

Referring to the Inman v. Newman billiards match, the *Star* has a paragraph headed "Newman's Revival." Quite a new man, in fact.

* * *

Heading to *Star* leader: "What We Think. Fog, Mist and Darkness." We trust that this glorious spring weather may clear out contemp's brain.

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Mrs. Alice Bischoff, of Toronto, tried to digest 227 hairpins, and died in the effort. Very thoughtless of her. She should have selected safety-pins.

* * *

Mr. Balfour is to give a speech at Coventry this week. It seems that he is over-fond of that city. Not long ago he was sent there by his own party.

* * *

The Bishop of Luxemburg has tried hard to put a stigma on Freemasonry. Its law is deceit, and its God the Devil, he said. An Oddfellow, that bishop.

* * *

According to Signorina Lina Cavalieri, "Girls ought to wait until they are forty-four before they marry." Of course, girls will be girls, even when they are forty-four.

* * *

Last week's *Gentlewoman* gives "Don'ts for Debutantes," among them being "Don't ask the Lord Chamberlain if he has a safety-pin handy." He might get the needle.

* * *

Several music-hall stars are to give entertainments on the "Aquitania" on her next voyage to New York. We trust that none of them will have to throw up their parts.

* * *

Mind is matter after all, according to a statement made by a lecturer recently. Its weight is about an ounce. At length there is authority for the phrase "A grain of commonsense."

* * *

Mr. Thornton, the new manager of the Great Eastern, has given his "first impressions of a British lunch." We trust to hear in due time what he thinks of a Liverpool Street Station bun.

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"Lasts down" is the latest in strikes. The bootmakers of the West End want more money for making mock Louis heels. As yet, cooks have not struck for an increase in payment for making mock-turtle soup.

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The *Church Times* hopes everyone who is able will nail to the counter the lie that St. George was either a myth or a fraudulent army contractor. Far from St. George being a myth, we understand that many Welshmen have declared that they have seen him in the flesh.

* * *

In Curaçao there is the "jagbug." Get a bite from it, and you will find yourself in the police court charged with being "d. and d." (Hence the phrase, "A bit of a jag on.") If you are bitten by another sort of bug on the island which is open to fight any jag-bug josser, you will become a lifelong teetotaler. But greatest of all is the humbug.

A gorgeous array: The pictures at the R.A. this year.

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His Majesty enjoyed some good "naps" on Bonaparte's bed whilst in Paris.

* * *

"Should children earn wages?" asks a daily. Certainly, where's father's beer to come from?

* * *

"Vicar's challenge to a Bishop," we see in a headline. Result of the boxing craze, we suppose.

* * *

We read that the Cup victors "painted the town red." A very appropriate colour for Burn-ley, too.

* * *

A deformed beggar has been arrested at Bayonne for exhibiting his hump in public. The authorities got his hump, we suppose.

* * *

British sailors accuse shipowners of employing an overwhelming proportion of Chinese stokers. The Chinese element makes them look down in the mouth.

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Dr. Jelley, the threepenny practitioner of North London, has unhesitatingly stated that he regards his work as purely a matter of business. There's no wobble about Jelley.

* * *

Mr. Churchill met with a seaplane mishap at Cherbourg. Then girls besieged him for his autograph. We see plainly that there is something of a tie between flyers and flappers.

* * *

In a discussion on "Should girls be told?" a paper says: "All human life, like animal life, is ovoviviparous or viviparous." We think, on the whole, we shall have a shy each way on ovoviviparous.

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A correspondent of a daily writes: "Women who lose children fast are generally irritable and short-tempered." But it's a motor-car age, and they'll have to put up with it, like poor poppa has to do.

* * *

The vicar of Blackburn has publicly warned his parishioners about "the talking and sweet-eating of young men and girls at the back of the church." But we think he must have meant sweethearting.

* * *

"Our natures are so different that it is hopeless to think that we can ever live happily together," said a married man in the Divorce Court. But we thought that was the reason why married people *are* happy.

* * *

In forty years, we read, the annual expenditure on wines and spirits at the Medway Workhouse and Infirmary has decreased from £1,000 to £5. No wonder the working classes go on strike to provide for their old age.

* * *

A Board of Agriculture report says that the Board received applications in 1913 for the approval of 241 fancy names in connection with margarine, and 154 of those names were approved. But the landladies of Bloomsbury will still continue to call it butter.

* * *

A lecturer advances the theory that there are "vintage years" for babies, just as there are for wines. But no matter what the year the whines will still be good and strong enough to fetch the long-suffering Benedick from his nightly bed.

* * *

Says Dr. Risier Russell: "An overtaxed city man who walks home 'for the sake of exercise' makes a great mistake." But we did not know that it was from a desire for exercise that the 'overtaxed' man walked. We imagined that it was from poverty due to the energetic foraging carried out by a certain Mr. George.

"Now, then, youngster, you can't catch fish in that pond without a special permit."
"Don't you believe it, guv'ner. I've just caught one with a lump of cheese."

WIT AND WISDOM.

depends largely on your income.

* * *

full of willing people, some willing to work
est willing to let them.

* * *

the road which leads to success is macadamised with
ch.

* * *

man who always keeps his word shouldn't be called

* * *

tung to fall in the water, but it is another
t. This applies to love also.

* * *

ords are often responsible for a cool feeling.

* * *

never put off till to-morrow the man you can do to day.

* * *

of the transgressor is hard on his family.

A soft head is sometimes mistaken for a soft heart.

* * *

A miss is as good as her style.

* * *

It may be love that makes the world go round, but it is certainly money that sets it going.

* * *

Never count your chickens before they're hatched, and remember that even then they may die before they've laid any eggs.

* * *

Where there's a will there's always a dispute.

* * *

A hog on the road is less distressing than a pig at the dinner table.

* * *

Some men would pawn anything, even their chances of heaven if they could only find a broker sporting enough to take the risks.

IN STAGELAND.

Those who wish to see the productions mentioned in this paragraph must go within the next few days as they are all down for withdrawal at an early date: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Savoy; "The Girl from Utah," Adelphi; "The Pearl Girl," Shaftesbury; "The Joy-Ride Lady," New; "Within the Law," Haymarket; and "The Marriage of 'Kitty,'" Playhouse. It is interesting to note that not one of these plays is a failure. They have all made money handsomely.

* * *

With regard to "The Joy-Ride Lady," Mr. Durrant Swan tells me that he is making every possible effort to obtain another theatre suitable to the atmosphere of this sprightly musical comedy. Now it is peculiar that "The Joy-Ride Lady" is at the moment a thing of far greater worth than the original production. Nothing could be improved in the clear conception and perfect reproduction of the exact spirit of the principal male rôles. Messrs. Bertram Wallis and Lawrence Grossmith, as Morny, the young French banker, and his partner, Bonnet, are two perfectly matched personalities. Wallis, perfectly proportioned and handsome, has infused into his better-known "ideal lover" impression a new-found element of crisp humour which blends with Grossmith's artistic restraint in such a manner as to comprise a very high entertainment standard. Misses Marie Blanche and Gertrude Laarhoven and a clever cast support that standard very creditably.

"THE MOB" at the Coronet Theatre.

Mr. Milton [illegible] as the aggravating Stephen More, M.P. (Act 3, Sc. 1).

If Mr. Swan does not find a [illegible] duction it will go direct to Paris. In the [illegible] good theatre being acquired surely it is [illegible] that the setting of the second act, the, [illegible] "sitting-out corners"?—may be modified. [illegible] hand, Paris is its venue then this scene of the [illegible] cupboards in the Widows' Club will no doubt be [illegible] into something which would need still more [illegible] Mr. Swan's door to bring sufficient luck to [illegible] Censor's chiding eye if he were to reproduce it in [illegible]

* * *

I think that there is no justification for the [illegible] of the repertory idea when any one particular [illegible] of a repertoire has proved its solid worth. Why [illegible] ceed until the first sign of stagnation is [illegible] announcing the next play? Miss Horniman is [illegible] a season at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill [illegible] started with Galsworthy's "The Mob." No matter the excellence of H. F. Rubinstein's "Consequ[illegible] which is down for production this week, two weeks [illegible] cient to allow such a masterpiece of the play [illegible] played so effectively as is the case with "The [illegible] is the finest dramatic production to be seen [illegible] in or around London. Not that one may re[illegible] with its principle. There is an appeal [illegible] in the torture of a strong man's refined st[illegible] and the ultimate destruction of his body [illegible] and example may live, in the satire of an [illegible] scientious statesman's downfall and desertion [illegible] of his championship of an overmatched little state [illegible] to lose its independence to a great empire. But let [illegible] remembered that, far from being a hero, Stephen [illegible] M.P., is all the time a dangerous and egotistic [illegible] many other of Galsworthy's impressive [illegible] theless, their martyrdom lectures effectively to [illegible] chastening and induces strong lines of thought [illegible] even in the thoughtless and unreasoning.

* * *

Milton Rosmer and Irene Rooke are to [illegible] on their welcome interpretations of the [illegible] and his long-suffering wife. The smaller [illegible] monly well acted indeed, included winsome [illegible] Bourke, who had to be cut out of Act IV., and [illegible] several important opportunities, by reason of the [illegible] severity of Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster [illegible] who is singularly indiscriminate in the matter of [illegible] as regards the kiddies' licenses.

MISS IRENE ROOKE, IN "THE MOB" (Act. 3, Sc. 2).

A POWDER PLOT.

Beanes was scarcely just to the fair attendant the Earl's Court Exhibition in attributing is trouble to what he bitterly termed "her dammer."

domesticated diamond merchant is so let his lawful spouse hear him warble in g bath those inflammable lines —

spring a young man's fancy
y turns to thoughts of love"—

urn at night with a dab of poudre d'amour on collar, then he only has himself to blame flightiness made by his indignant wife.

old man, just weren't out enough to admit ...ipped his friend Powler next day when ...olloping his tale of woe. It was Powler, ...rdon, that had accompanied the frivolous Exhibition, and had witnessed the cuddle- the latter had given to a saucy stall-holder

damned chalk-mark spoke for itself," growled his ...adn't been so beastly squiffy you'd have and told me of it. I did pitch a yarn of she wasn't taking any. Said I'd been at ..., and that I couldn't explain the powder ...ng a Masonic secret."

she say to that?"

...d in a nasty sarcastic sort of manner. observed that it seemed a funny way to treat ...s. She supposed they had washed me and put me little crib."

...man," cheeringly replied the

...is wife," retorted the other. "She'll ...ll make things devilish unpleasant ... the strait-laced sort. And like most ...s jealous as blazes."

...week later that a sudden change came ...burn. To the intense relief of Mr. ... she appeared to have forgiven and ...sorry, she casually remarked at the breakfast ...a wonderful institution, and most useful as an ...sh a man on. She had no sympathy with wives ...ught ... from their husbands the mysteries of ... pardon—she meant the Craft.

...od temper became almost uncanny. Mr. ...s positively gasped when she suggested that ... Mr. Powler was leaving in a few days on a ...pe it would be only nice to give him ..., followed by a visit—Mrs. Beanes made ... she would be one of the party—to a music-

...s, according to Mrs. Beanes and Powler, ...ess. The hostess, who was still a smart woman ...erted herself to be delightful to her guest, ...ter responded in the same vein. Mr. Bromley ...s not so enthusiastic. He thought his wife was ...arily gushing, and that Powler was bounderish in ...ndon of his retorts.

...'ll be gone six months?" sweetly said Mrs. Beanes, ...softly at Powler over her uplifted wine glass.

...said so," answered the guest sadly, returning her look ...th his glass also in his hand.

...Bromley Beanes blew his nose loudly.

...long, weary months! How we shall miss you!" ...ed the hostess pensively.

...Bromley Beanes dropped a fork and said "'damn" ...udibly. He blew his nose again even more truculently ...efore.

...'ll see again those pretty Cape girls you're always ...about", observed he with forced merriment.

...pe girls! Mr. Powler is not that sort of man! You ...to think that bachelors are as bad as married men," ...ed the smirking Powler's fair champion to her ...ned spouse. "If I am any judge," she went on, "he ...ful to some early dream of his youth."

...ler tried hard to look the character, and sighed ...d. exasperated husband, who knew Powler better, ... As a form of relief mere nose-blowing had become ... inadequate.

... the music-hall Mr. Bromley Beanes found himself ...ed to playing the novel and maddening part of goose-

And when, at dinner three days later, Mrs. Beanes mentioned blushingly that she had that morning seen Mr. Powler off, the infuriated husband let himself go, and concluded a detailed indictment of her alleged philanderings by asking jeeringly whether she had fallen on Powler's neck and kissed him.

"Anyhow, there was no poudre d'amour on him," retorted the lady, angrily.

"And no flies on you!" sneered her husband.

Their relations were not improved by the unconcealed interest that Mrs. Beanes displayed in the voyage of the boat that Powler was on. From the moment that the vessel was reported by Lloyd's as having passed St. Catherine's Head, off the Isle of Wight, until its announced arrival at South Africa the lady ostentatiously turned to the shipping news in her morning paper. And on one occasion her husband, as he came into the breakfast room, thought he detected her hastily putting what might have been a letter into her pocket.

To say that Mr. Bromley Beanes was puzzled would feebly portray the state of that gentleman's mind. A month back he would have staked his reputation—such as it was—on the fair name of his wife. Now he did not know what to think. "An ugly devil like Powler, too!" muttered he to himself, regardless of the fact that, if anything, his friend was the better looking man.

The uneasy husband had almost lulled himself into the more comforting conclusion that the secret to his wife's vagaries lay in her desire to punish him for the poudre d'amour incident by working on his jealousy, when a startling incident revived all his fears in their most sinister form. He had observed at the breakfast table that his lady seemed disturbed, and returned his customary parting salute with comparative coldness. An uneasy feeling caused him to take advantage of having left a business letter behind to return home to lunch.

"Where's your mistress?" demanded he of the maid as he noted with surprise that no preparation for any meal had been made.

"The missus is out, sir. She left the house soon after you. There's a letter, sir, addressed to you, on the mantel-piece."

Mr. Bromley Beanes snatched up the missive and tore open the envelope. This is what he read:—

"My dear husband,—I ought to have told you this morning, but I was too upset. Do not be angry with me, but I am leaving you," and there, at the bottom of the page of the single-sheeted notepaper that his wife affected the message broke off as if the poignancy of her feelings had prevented her from saying more.

In a paroxysm of fury Mr. Bromley Beanes bounded from the house and taxied to his solicitor, who was also a personal friend.

"Go slow, old man," was the cautious advice he received. To his remonstrances that he wasn't going to be made a fool of and would have the scoundrel's blood, the attorney pointed out that there was nothing on the face of the letter to connect the lady's disappearance with Powler.

"Besides, Beanes, my boy," added the lawyer, shrewdly, "people in glass-houses are apt to find it dangerous to chuck pebbles about. She may have a bone to pick with you. But what was in the box?"

"What box?" questioned the injured one.

His solicitor pointed out a pencilled scrawl at the top of the notes—that Beanes hadn't noticed before—saying that the box was in the top drawer of her wardrobe.

Mr. Bromley Beanes and his adviser agreed that an investigation of the contents of the box was all-important.

As soon as the lawyer could get rid of such other clients as were waiting, the pair taxied back to the house for this purpose.

The box, a small card-board one, was easily found in the wardrobe of the connubial bedroom. From out of it the solicitor drew first a powder puff, and then a plain gold ring.

"It's her wedding ring! My home is broken up! I'm a ruined man!" shouted the raving Beanes as he fairly danced round the room in his rage. It was only with great difficulty that the solicitor extracted from him any light on the significance of the powder puff.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," said his adviser. "That she's bolted seems clear. The question is why—and who with. Perhaps that writing case there may put us on the scent."

The case—a strongly made one—was locked, and neither had a key that would fit it.

"Let's tear the bally thing open," muttered the impatient Beanes.

While the solicitor firmly held the back of the case the diamond merchant inserted a small poker beneath the fastening latch, and both pulled for all they were worth. Their efforts were rewarded by the snatch breaking in two, but with such suddenness that Mr. Bromley Beanes found himself under the washstand with his head in the slop-pail, while his legal adviser was in a recumbent and undignified position on the bed with his long legs waggling in the air.

The door opened.

"What is the matter? Are you quite crazy?" were the words, in his wife's tones, that fell on the astonished ears of Mr. Bromley Beanes. "And may I ask what Mr. Redtape is doing on our bed?" continued the lady, as she stood in the doorway.

"Woman!" replied her husband with as much dignity as his extrication from the slop-pail allowed him to assume. "This is your handiwork! My friend and adviser, Mr. Redtape, is here to assist in unmasking the villain who has broken up a happy home. Look at the havoc that you have caused."

"Perhaps when you've quite finished talking nonsense one of you—the soberest of the two—will explain," retorted his wife, acidly.

"The letter, madam, that you left behind this morning is the key to the situation," interposed the lawyer drily.

"My letter! What do you mean?"

Mr. Bromley Beanes handed the note-paper to his wife, who, after glancing at it, said "Where's the second page?"

The two men stared blankly at each other and then down at the floor, on which they saw another sheet in Mrs. Beanes's handwriting that had fallen out of the writing case.

Mrs. Beanes looked at the uncreased paper on the ground and observed "How careless of me! I evidently forgot to put the second page in the envelope."

The lawyer picked up the missing document, and, taking the other page from the lady, read out the complete letter as follows:

"My dear husband.—I ought to have told you this morning, but I was too upset. Do not be angry with me but I am leaving you for a few days as I've just heard that Aunt Eliza is seriously ill. I am going over to Notting Hill Gate at once. If I should find she is really better I shall not stay there, but come home at once.

"Would you mind, dearie, getting my wedding-ring (it is in the cardboard box) slightly enlarged, as it is too tight. You will find with it a powder-puff—for use at the Lodge—a present from your little wifie."

CECIL HASTINGS.

They appear to have a method of conducting public business in the Blackpool Town Council, which we should dearly love to see introduced into the House of Commons. It would brighten things up immensely. In order to illustrate the new method (which we are sending to the Speaker with *Modern Life's* compliments) we will put into a little drama of a few lines the exact words used by Blackpool Town Councillors last week, with the scene laid at Westminster instead of up north. Mr. Bonar Law: "I don't agree with you." Mr. Asquith: "Oh, you go and have a drink." Mr. Bonar Law: "Mr. Speaker, I call your attention to the fact that the Premier is studying the *Daily Mail* cartoons." A Voice: "He's looking at a picture of Lloyd George." Mr. Asquith: "Well, I don't think much of him, but I think still less of you." Mr. Bonar Law: "Let's all go and have a drink." Of course, this sort of way of conducting business at Westminster might at first appear a little undignified, but we should soon get used to it; and we are not so sure that the Home Rule business wouldn't be settled a good deal quicker over a whiskey and soda than it is being settled by the "political lying" methods that have taken twenty years, since Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, to get to the point.

* * *

The Bachelor: I wonder why those flats are not supplied with hot water?

The Benedict: They are probably intended for married couples.

The Bachelor: Does that make a difference?

The Benedict: Yes. When a man is married, his wife generally keeps him in hot water.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; your career; that is the ONLY way get on. It's no use folding your hands waiting. Nothing comes in the work to him who waits, except a The men who make their way, who who win and hold good positions, men who have a definite object determinedly push and fight to What is your aim. Read this list of the—

Positions for which I.C.S. Qualify Students

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Architect.....
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Builder.....
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Concrete Engineer .....
Designer, General.....
Draughtsman .....
Electrical Engineer .....
Farmer.....
Foreign Correspondent.....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
Newspaper Illustrator.....
Patternmaker.....
Poultry Farmer.....
Quantity Surveyor .....
Salesman.....
Shorthand-Typist .....
Show-Card Writer .....
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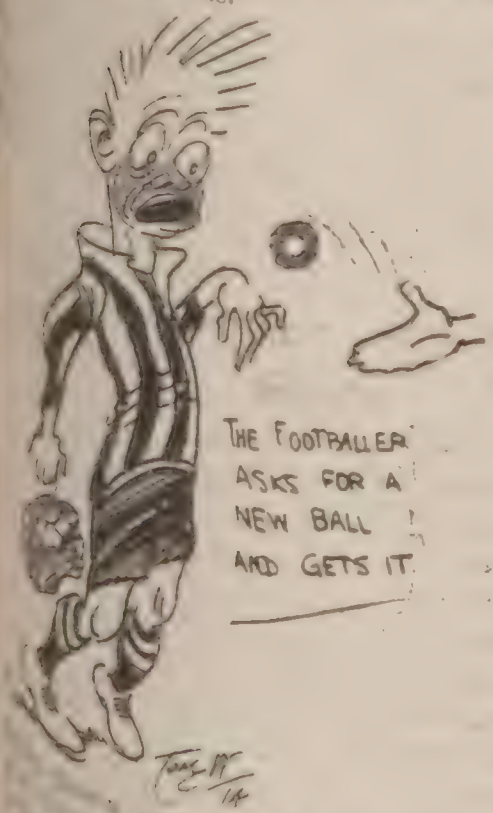
THE CHANGING OF THE SEASONS IN SPORT.

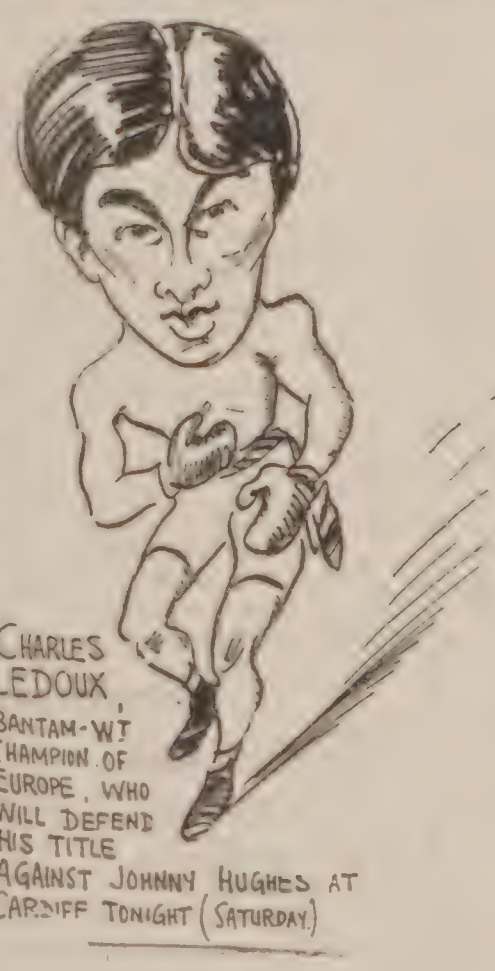
...over for another few months, and somehow or ...t of us are glad this season. The extraordinary ...f the last few weeks would have been welcomed ...easons in June for cricket, and footer, both Rugger ...soccer, has hardly been a pleasant pastime on the hard-...ked grounds of recent weeks. Still, the game went out in ...blaze of glory, by reason of the Royal visit to the cup final. ...Both Burnley and Liverpool seemed overawed by the Royal ...presence and the greatness of the occasion. Perhaps the ...players had been carefully schooled as to their behaviour on ...the field. At any rate it was a very drab game, the ...and best part of the function being the fine displays ...the massed bands of the King's Liverpool Regiment ...Irish Guards.



As a season the features have been the continual success of England's Rugby fifteen in spite of a slight falling away in playing strength. To win the triple crown for the second successive year shows that English Rugger is still benefiting from the visits of the New Zealand, South African, and Australian teams.

On the other side of the picture we cannot compliment the English Soccer sides that took part in the International series. They were ...men selected almost without exception ...their club form. Defeats from Scotland and ...over Wales are not much for the pro... to crow over, especially as during the ...forwards, was off the field.

...people talk of the levelling up in modern football. ...is from the bottom, but there has been a corresponding ...falling down from the top. Blackburn Rovers, the cham... of the League, ...not have lived ... some of the ... time champions. ... Sunderland side ... year ... have ...


CHARLES LEDOUX BANTAM-WT CHAMPION OF EUROPE, WHO WILL DEFEND HIS TITLE AGAINST JOHNNY HUGHES AT CARDIFF TONIGHT (SATURDAY)

very reason their playing ability was much higher than that of the Second League. But they sold their birthright when they signed an agreement with the League, and now they are tied up with red tape and cannot move hand or foot without the consent of the bigger organisation. Their clubs cannot show any enterprise, and gradually but surely the standard of Southern League play has fallen, so that nowadays there is little chance of one of their clubs getting far in the English cup competition, to say nothing of emulating the 'Spurs, who won the cup when members of the Southern body. In that year (1900-1901) Tottenham had a better side doing duty in the Southern League than they have ever had since they joined the English League, and it was possible to secure a team in those days, for a sum that would not now obtain one star forward.

Well, football has gone and cricket is here. The changing of the seasons is always an interesting time. What kind of a season we are going to have is in the lap of the gods, or rather in the hands of the Clerk of the Weather. Given fine weather, and April has been a happy augury, we shall have a fine season. It is always a more interesting season when it is a purely domestic one, and with no colonial team over the county championship is far more interesting.

But county cricket is really only a phase of the game. If cricket and football were only played as a money-making spectacle then there would not be much virtue in the pastimes as a national asset. It is the club cricket that really counts. The Saturday afternoon encounters which bring tens of thousands of the youth of the country into opposition are the really important matters in cricket, and there is no diminution in the enthusiasm with which each Saturday's game is looked forward to.

Kipling's lines "Flannelled fools at the wicket; muddied oafs at the goals," show how far even a thinking man can get from the mark when he is prejudiced against sport. When one has travelled a lot on the Continent, and has seen how the youth of Germany, Sweden, France, and in fact all the continental nations slip from the gymnastic into the middle age stage of life, he can appreciate what cricket does for Englishmen, not necessarily young men, but sportsmen of anything between 30 and 50 who have kept their cricket up when Anno Domini had sounded the last bugle in their football careers. Golf, cycling, motoring, lawn tennis, and other sports have grown, but cricket still flourishes, and our old middle-aged enthusiasts keep keen and slip by easy stages into the less strenuous pastimes of golf and bowls, instead of into the easy chair, and the big pipe of the German, or the Swedish punch and café lounging of the middle-aged Scandinavian.

So Floreat football and cricket. They are at least the great educators in all other ball games, and golf and the other gentler forms of exercise owe much to the real national games of the country. A man who has played them for years has to find something to take their places. Give an Englishman a ball of any kind and he is happy.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

GOLF.

How will the Americans fare in the English Golf Championships? Well, before these lines are in print they will have shown their present chances by what they have done at Sunningdale in the Gold Vase contest promoted by *Golf Illustrated*.

It is said that J. D. Travers is erratic with his wooden clubs; that good judge, R. E. Howard, calls him broody. He hits an occasional hook shot, which on a course where championships are played is frequently fatal.

Ouimet does not play too well in a strong wind, and Fred Herreshoff is not quite so steady as he might be. This trio, with Fraser Hale, Harold Weber, A. G. Lockwood, Clifford Inslee, and Heinrich Schmidt, make up a formidable list of American entries for the English championships, and the majority of them are doing fine work in practice.

Fred Herreshoff, playing at Mid-Surrey the other day. with J. H. Taylor as partner, beat J. D. Travers and J. S. Worthington by one hole, but Travers and Wofthington beat Taylor and Herreshoff by three up and two to play in the afternoon. Now, the men who can do this sort of thing when playing with Taylor are golfers, there is no mistake about that.

Hilton is playing in great form I am told, and another English amateur who will have to be seriously reckoned with this season is Robt. Harris, the Stock Exchange golfer. Many good judges who have had the pleasure of seeing him play say that he is the most likely of the British bunch to wrest the title from Hilton. Then we have Lord Charles Hope, C. D. Macfarlane, who has never quite done himself justice in a championship, H. D. Gillies, the Woking crack, who is sure to get there one of these days, C. K. Hutchinson, and John Ball, the veteran who shares with Hilton the honour of being the only amateur to have won the open championship, to lead the van of the amateurs, whom we hope will avenge the defeat of Vardon, Ray, and Reid in the American tournament last autumn. What would be the betting on one of Ball, Hilton, Harris, and Gillies finishing in front of Ouimet, Herreshoff, Travers, and Schmidt? What a great and interesting knock-out competition the four Britishers and four Americans would provide.

The present spell of abnormally dry weather has been as great a worry to those who have to care for our golf courses, as the equally abnormal dampness of March. They have been able to get the fairways into fine trim by early cuttings, but the sun and the drying easterly winds have stopped the young grass from making its proper progress, and unless there is some rain before long there is every prospect of rough greens in the coming summer on many of our inland courses, particularly those around London.

The innovations in the open championship conditions which have been rendered necessary by the enormous increase in the entries of recent years are indeed sensible. The contest proper will take place at Prestwich on June 18 and 19. This will be preceded by a qualifying competition on the two Troon courses, the first hundred to play at Prestwich. This is much better than the scramble we have had of recent years when all the play has taken place on the one course, but on different days.

NIBLICK.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND

This is just the time of year when [illegible] cyclists or dogged pedestrians suddenly b[illegible] by the joys of motoring. The first questi[illegible] people ask is: "What does it cost," and the f[illegible] sent me by a reader, is therefore of more than [illegible] "I have," he writes, "been smitten with th[illegible] our and about that you spoke of [illegible] thing that separates me from a car [illegible] matter of cost. If I decide to [illegible] I shall probably pay for the [illegible] Exclusive of the purchase price I do not [illegible] my new hobby to exceed ten shillings [illegible] data of this figure."

My correspondent goes on to ask [illegible] advise him to purchase a cycle-car or [illegible] final question is not by any means [illegible] one is thoroughly acquainted with the [illegible] case. For the bachelor minus a sweet[illegible] mend a solo motor-cycle. A lightweight [illegible] is easily started and controlled, should suit [illegible] But if the petrol-aspirant is married he will [illegible] car, which is, as a rule, preferable to a side-c[illegible] The latter will be admirable where the ba[illegible] friends is concerned. When alone he can [illegible] solo, while the side-car can be quickly att[illegible] desires to take a passenger.

* * *

But to return to the problem of motoring on a week. Can this be done? Certainly—if you a[illegible] First of all the matter of storage must [illegible] sideration. No one should attempt to [illegible] in the house, owing to the dangers the[illegible] excessive inflammability of the petrol vapour. [illegible] vary tremendously, but personally I never pay more [illegible] shilling a week for the cycle and eighteenpence for [illegible] bination complete. Many garage owners [illegible] charge treble these sums. There are, ho[illegible] where a suitable [illegible] at the rate mentioned above. [illegible] buy your petrol and spare[illegible] home for a small [illegible] crowd a week, for the garage keeper [illegible] ideable saving on oil of tyres supplied [illegible] It will, however, be worth [illegible] up." A little house for this purpose [illegible] small outlay, and the [illegible] risk of burglary.

* * *

For the motor-cycle the insurance and ta[illegible] £4 10s., and the cycle-car owner will have t[illegible] under these heads. It is the worst possible [illegible] insurance, especially in these days of "syndi[illegible] and speculative solicitors who imagine that t[illegible] motorist is the fair prey of the poor. Petrol is [illegible] ingly dear, but there is some prospect that [illegible] be reduced in the not far distant future. [illegible] get 110 miles to the gallon, and £4 10s. expend[illegible] and oil will return a generous mileage. [illegible] cycle-car owner £7 10s. for each four thous[illegible] under a similar heading. So, excluding sm[illegible] following costs list per annum:—

	Motor-cycle.	Cycle-car.
	£ s.	£ s.
Garage	2 12 0	7 [illegible]
Insurance and Tax ...	4 10 0	[illegible]
Petrol and Oil ...	4 10 0	[illegible]
Tyres	4 0 0	[illegible]
	£15 12 0	£30 10 0

The allowances for tyres are generous and will [illegible] prove excessive in the case of many users. In ad[illegible] those mentioned above there will be a few [illegible] which the ordinary man will probably forget [illegible] paid them. A spare belt will cost the cyclist [illegible] couple of sparking plugs will amount to 7s. [illegible] small replacements may all be lumped together [illegible] a sovereign. Generally speaking a cycle-car will [illegible] upkeep about 2d. per mile, and a motor-cycle slightly [illegible] a penny for the same distance. This does not [illegible] ciation, which very few riders regard as an upkeep [illegible] Depreciation generally amounts to about thirty per [illegible] the first year; for the second year, twenty; and so on [illegible] ally decreasing as the years go by.

E. B. [illegible]

NANCE & ASSURANCE.

favourable news from Mexico and the improved ...s in this country have caused a more ... in the City. The hopes of a speedy and ...ent of the Ulster question have been ... conciliatory speeches made by both the ... Opposition. A general recovery in prices ...sols leading the way, followed by a sharp ... The market was further helped by the ...tlook. Mexican securities were favour- ... Americans advanced as a result of the ... Canadian descriptions advanced, ... was not maintained. Kaffirs were a ... the general buoyancy not having affected them ...iable ...tion.

* * *

...ling, market conditions are sound, and ...k continue favourable, a period of greater ...nably be anticipated.

* *

...oped a weak tendency, mainly as a result ...ting dividends. For instance, Linggi only ... for the year, as compared with 143¾ per ... 237½ per cent. in 1910. Batu Tiga declares ... On the other hand, working costs are ... of the companies now approaching 1s. per ... sound figure which must tell in the ...

* * *

...een a set-back in the Oil market owing to ... profit-taking, some of the favourite gambling ...ving materially receded. The gamble in ... shares continues, but the greatest caution is ...n such a market. Those who see a profit, should ...

* * *

...ted out, despite intrinsic merits, Home ... to attract investment support. Although ...s are practically certain to be maintained ... outlook is so disquieting that the investor ...

* * *

...ering to taste "rare and refreshing fruit" ...to ... a delectable treat by interesting ... Argentine Fruitland Syndicate ... are ... home offers to induce ... at £250 each, on the instalment plan, ...f fruit land in Rio Negro—land belong- ... This scheme has been hawked about ...ss, and it is one that should be gener- ...rs to develop.

* * *

...n of any exciting "boom," the coco- ... to expand; the demand for copra is ... and the price holds firm. While it is lower ... months ago it still enables the manufac- ...substantial profits, while the public get the ...ap and palatable butter. The Maypole Dairy ... up 500 tons of copra per week to ... chain of shops, while other big concerns ...quantities.

* * *

...realise that Sir William H. Lever, Bart., ... great Sunlight Soap enterprise, might ... an King. For he is, at present, the ... of coconut plantation properties in ... interested, personally, in this vast and ...try that he recently made an extensive ... to inspect his estates.

* * *

...given ample proof of his financial and ...ight. Quite three years ago he placed on ...inion ... that there is no field of tropical agri- ...rising as coconut cultivation, and no industry ... offering so lucrative an investment of time ... months ago he publicly stated that ... for the profitable outlook of coconut- ... it is stronger to-day."

* * *

...les of City promoters are now reposing ... over a hundred concerns of varied ... foreign affairs and the domestic ... may expect to see quite a collection of these propositions placed before the public. The latter will have an excellent opportunity of exercising special discrimination before sending in their cheques.

* * *

We hear that the Kaffir mining magnates take a brighter view of the general prospect in South Africa than they have been able to do for some time past. The result achieved by the giant Rand Mines Ltd. corporation may be regarded as distinctly satisfactory.

* * *

Bank shares are improving in value, as a natural result of the splendid times the Banks have had. During the period of money stringency they had the market under their control. They had got the money and made all borrowers pay a stiff price for any accommodation wanted.

* * *

The Directors of the Chartered Company, realising "the sweets of advertisement," have displayed commendable enterprise by placing their Publicity Department under the control of Mr. H. E. Morgan, who is controller of the Printing and Advertising Department of the historic house of W. H. Smith and Son. Should Mr. Morgan "boom" Rhodesia as cleverly as he has advertised Selfridges and other equally famous enterprises, directors, shareholders and settlers will all have reason to congratulate themselves on his appointment.

* * *

Coal still remains a colossal and valuable natural asset. During 1913 the output for the United Kingdom attained the phenomenal total of 287,411,869 tons, an advance of more than 27,000,000 on the total of 1912. And yet there are super-sanguine people who imagnie that oil will shortly supersede the black diamonds!

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following securities constitute excellent gilt-edged investments, yielding a full 4 per cent.

		Price.	Yield per cent. £ s. d.
Antigua Loan, 1943	...	100	4 0 0
Mauritius Loan, 1937	...	100	4 0 0
West Australian Loan, 1962		100	4 0 0
Jamaica Loan, 1934	...	100	4 0 0

* * *

We are receiving weekly a number of enquiries about annuities from various correspondents. A notable fact is that women are beginning to appreciate the value of annuities, by which they can double their income at a certain age. Suppose a woman of 50 had £2,100 invested in Consols, her income would be about £75 per annum. What would be her position if she held an annuity? Her income would be about £150 per annum, and the security would be absolute.

* * *

What attracts women in the annuity system is its simplicity and secrecy. No irritating formalities, no medical examination, except for invalids. They have merely to furnish proof of age and deposit the necessary amount. There are no fees, no commissions; the company undertakes all responsibility and guarantees the income, paying it when, where and how the annuitant desires. Many who formerly favoured investment are selling out their securities to purchase annuities, frequently doubling their income in the process.

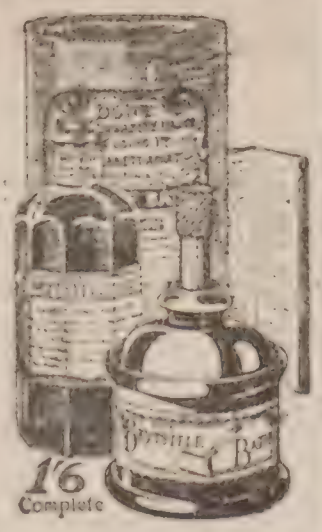
A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
84, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

VISITING CARDS.
NAME, ADDRESS, ETC., NEATLY PRINTED
100 1/- Post Free.
AINSWORTHS', Alfred St., BLACKPOOL.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

The Curse!

News for :: ::
Safety Razor Users.



HOW many users of safety razors have not cursed the necessity of taking them to pieces and wiping them clean and dry after use? Some makes, of course, claim not to need the process; but if it is not done you soon get a rusty, dirty, dull-edged implement that is no use to anybody. There is now available to the millions of safety razor users all over the country a most ingenious little invention which does away with the necessity for taking the razor to pieces every times and wiping it dry. It is a special kind of bath, and after shaving you simply drop your razor into it, just as it is. The bath, which contains a chemcial preparation, effectually sterilizes it, keeps the whole razor bright and clean, and greatly improves the edge of the blades, causing them to retain their keen edge for at least two months. Old blades allowed to soak in this bath will be found to 'pick up' in astonishing fashion. The outfit costs only eighteen-pence, and should save its cost in blades, time and temper within a week.

THE RAZOR.

We have a safety razor at a shilling that will beat any at present on the market, no matter what price. We absolutely guarantee this, and are quite willing to send it, and if you are not completely satisfied, will at once return your money, with 6d. added to cover your expenses.

A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.
Total=1s.
Our razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves.

WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is in this that the secret of our razor lies; just give it a trial, and if it does not give you the most delightful shave you ever had in your life, don't be afraid to let us know. We stand by our offer to the letter.

We will send you The Bath and Razor for 2s. 6d., and bear postage ourselves.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.,

GUN MAKERS,

107, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Although the absence of The Tetrarch from the Thousand Guineas robbed the first of the season of much of its interest, the race was an extremely [illegible] Kennymore won in the style of a really good [illegible] the big Manton colt will see a short price [illegible] The finish of the race was thrilling in the extreme there were some who thought Corcyra unfortunate by a short head. Personally, I think had The [illegible] competed and shown anything like the form he [illegible] last year, he would have won with ease. Still, the hard state of the ground was put down as [illegible] for The Tetrarch being scratched from the [illegible] would need a bolder man than I to back him for [illegible] The critics have commented in strong terms about [illegible] more's method of coming down the hill at the [illegible] Newmarket, but he has now won over the [illegible] times, so those who fancy him for Epsom [illegible] fidence by those victories. Of course the [illegible] will be a stiffer proposition, and he is [illegible] "good thing" for the blue riband of the turf.

There is plenty of interesting racing this [illegible] Chester Cup on Wednesday, and the [illegible] Jubilee Handicap on Saturday as the principal [illegible] The former race is likely to bring out a big [illegible] cannot be said that the quality of the majority of [illegible] engaged is very good. Mr. L. de Rothschild's [illegible] left at the head of the handicap with 8st. [illegible] son of St. Frusquin—Pie Powder, is confi[illegible] to improve on his second in the race last [illegible] worthy of note that Mr. Leopold de Rothsch[illegible] won the race on three occasions, his succe[illegible] gained by Fashion, Biserta, and Santo S[illegible] who recently won the Great Metropolitan for [illegible] year in succession, has now 8 stone—which inclu[illegible] penalty—to carry. He is at a big disadvanta[illegible] weights with Gravelotte, Knight's Key, and [illegible] finished in the rear at Epsom, and I do not [illegible] score. Two horses that must possess great [illegible] Major Symons and Kingsborough who finished [illegible] second separated by a head in the Thatcham [illegible] Handicap at Newbury about a month ago. [illegible] in particular is a likely kind of horse for the Ches[illegible] and he will be steered by McKenna. Last year's [illegible] The Guller, is again favourably treated, but [illegible] hard state of the going is not in his favour [illegible] should fall to

KINGSBOROUGH

with Lorenzo and Knight's Key likely runners up.

A very good class field is likely to contest the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, and the race is certain to [illegible] plenty of speculation. China Cock, who has a [illegible] shoulder, possesses an excellent chance as he is a [illegible] improved horse. Blue Stone, who will represent Mr. [illegible] Joel, is nicely treated on his second to Wrack in the [illegible] bury Cup. Cigar made a bold bid for the spoils last [illegible] and he also should run well. Lack of space prevents [illegible] going into full details, and in summing up briefly I [illegible]

CIGAR

will win, and that Blue Stone and China Cock [illegible] to be placed.

Lingfield opens the week's racing on Monday. [illegible] King may score in the Felbridge Handicap, and Dead [illegible] in the Victoria Plate.

At Chester on Tuesday White Magic may [illegible] Chester Vase, High and Dry the Belgraye Welter Ha[illegible] and Barium the Roodee Maiden Handicap. Eager [illegible] may take the Stamford Two-Year-Old Plate on Wednesday [illegible] and on the concluding day Cuthbert may win the [illegible] Cheshire Handicap, and Dunholm the Combermere Ha[illegible] cap.

The one-day Harpenden fixture clashes [illegible] Thursday. Here, Holland House may [illegible] andra Stakes, and Aboukir in the High Fir[illegible]

On Friday at Kempton Park Golden [illegible] the Stewards' Handicap and Turbulence the [illegible] Plate. Hounam may win the Three-Year-Old [illegible] second day.

The Studley Royal Handicap at Ripon on Friday [illegible] won by Marco Bozzaris, and the Ripon [illegible] Saturday by Harvest.

THE VEGETABLE DISH.

The Journalist shrugged his shoulders and flung away what remained of a choice cigar.

"I don't believe it," he said. "You can talk until you are blue, but I swear to you there are more fine thoughts amongst the lower classes than you dream of."

"You are a Socialist," said the Club Man, "believe we are all equal, and all that tommy rot. You go and mix with the substrata and see it first hand."

"I have," said the Journalist. "I know the people, bless 'em."

"The men there is hope for—but the women . . . impossible," said the Club Man.

"Fine intelligent creatures," said the Journalist. "Brave, clever, self-sacrificing."

The Club Man laughed:

"Look here, you take a coster girl out for an evening, and see what you make of her."

"Easily done," retorted the Journalist. "I'm quite pally with a waitress in a working man's eating house—one of those wholesale places where you get a jam tart as big as a melon for a penny."

"Take her out," sneered the Club Man. "Bet you a sovereign she sends you silly."

The Journalist put down his money.

* * *

It must be admitted that the costume of the Young Person staggered the Journalist. In his language she had "got 'em all on," and from the agonised squeak of her boots to the blue feather in her hat, she howled of festivity.

"Hello," she said. "Never thought you'd turn up!"

"Good evening," said the Journalist.

"Nearly broke my neck to get 'ere," she said, with immense affability. "'Ad a lark too—such a row with the manageress about a crack in a vegetable dish. I don't mind paying for smashes, but you don't 'ave me over cracks."

The Journalist bumped into a lamp-post, and the Young Person laughed until the feather in her hat shook dizzily from its anchorage of two bent pins.

"Oh, you silly," she gurgled. "Do look where you're goin'. An' you so sober too. Where are we goin'?"

"To dinner?" he suggested.

She shook her head.

"No fear. Busman's holiday. Get enough of dinners all the week. No, let's go to 'Funland.'"

The Journalist forgot her squeaky boots for a moment.

"A pantomime?" he queried.

She giggled:

"Lor', no. 'Funland!'—one of them places with a shootin' gallery, and slot-machines, and an electric piano."

The Journalist was hungry, but he squared his shoulders.

"Right-o," he said. "We'll go in a taxi."

The Young Person shook her head again.

"Not until I know you better," she said. "We'll take a 'bus if you please, . . . and *inside*."

The Journalist got into the 'bus with her, with a shudder of apprehension. The Young Person returned with ardour to the discussion of the cracked vegetable dish, and a hideous recital of "fines." The Journalist bore with it until the 'bus conductor winked at him as they got off, and said archly:

"My word—now we're off."

"Funland" loomed near, ablaze with electric lights of various colours, and noisy with a bing-bang of shots and a rattle of rag-time from a strange machine into which a wobbly young man had just pushed a half-penny.

The Journalist looked at the Young Person enquiringly.

"Here?" he queried.

She nodded:

"Fine," she said. "So jolly and full of sport."

The rest of the evening remains a nightmare for ever for the Journalist. The Young Person was weighed, she looked at pictures through peep-holes, she had her fortune told, drenched a dirty handkerchief with scent which dripped out of a spout abundantly for a penny, ate chewing gum, and generally went the round.

In the odour of the fish restaurant to which she elected to go, she chastely confided to him that nobody was "walking her out."

The Journalist nearly swallowed a fish-bone.

Imperturbably she returned to the cracked vegetable dish, which the sight of chip potatoes had brought to her mind again.

The journalist quivered.

"How much does a vegetable dish cost?" he demanded, as they left the restaurant.

"One and six," she responded.

He produced three shillings:

"Oh, get two," he said, proffering them to her. "Why worry yourself about a beastly vegetable dish?"

The Young Person drew herself up to her full height:

"Who do you think you're talking to?" she demanded, at the top of her voice. "I suppose you think I'm a common girl?"

To this day, a certain Journalist always associates blue feathers with vegetable dishes and virtue. C. N.

Everyone has his own pet particular skeleton, but it does not help a bit to keep opening the cupboard and rattling its bones.

* * *

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but some people contrive to look remarkably well on borrowed plumes.

* * *

All experience has to be bought, but you never know what the price is going to be until after you have purchased it.

* * *

However deep you bury your bone some dog will dig it up, and the deeper it's buried the uglier and more powerful the dog that unearths it.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

How She Compels Others To Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of "Modern Life."

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears herewith, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 89H, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention *Modern Life*.

Ourselves and Other People.

"Albert, dear, whilst looking through your old clothes I had such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it."

"What was it, dear?"

"Half-a-dozen cheques that had never been written on."

* * *

THE QUARREL.

"Very well, sir! If that is the attitude you take up I shall have to take another tone."

"And a good job, too, for you speak horribly through your nose."

* * *

Young Man: I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Grumbells: Has she accepted you?

Young Man: Yes, sir.

Grumbells: Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

* * *

Teacher (of class of grammar): What do you mean by "parts of speech"?

Tommy: It's—it's when a man stutters.

* * *

She: I do think he is stingy.

He: So do I. I don't think he would laugh at a joke unless it was at someone else's expense.

* * *

He who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May get in court against his will.

* * *

HER GENEROSITY.

He: Why did she marry Dick? I thought she valued her freedom.

She: She did. But she couldn't bear to think of Dick having any.—*Judge.*

* * *

"I wish I had taken my mother's advice when she begged me not to marry you."

"Did your mother try to keep you from marrying me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how I wronged that woman!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Everbroke: Say, lend me another five. You know, what's been done once can be done again.

Gottit: I can't.—*Kansas City Star.*

* * *

THE BOY KNEW.

"I wish you to understand," he said, addressing his seven-teen-year-old son, "that I am still the boss in this house."

"All right, dad," the boy replied: "but you're a coward to make the boast behind mother's back."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE MERRY WIDOW.

"Yes, my dear, according to his will all the money will go to his next-of-kin if I marry again."

"My poor girl! And you want to do so?"

"No, but just out of spite I'm going to marry the next-of-kin."—"Pages Folles."

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Fortune-telling Chart, by post 7d.—G. Gaveston, 10, Ludgate Hill, London.

Instant Complexion Beautifier gives that Enviable Complexion; try it; 1s. Postal Order.—J. Mack, 11, Carnarvon Street, Glasgow.

Bound set of Harmsworth's Self-Educator (8 vols.); good as new; what offers?—Box 517, "Modern Life."

Free: Horseshoe Tie Pin, or Gilt Curb Bracelet.—Send three penny stamps, postage, etc. A. Williams, 19, Whitefriars Street, London.

Cycles.—Lady's and Gentleman's Model de Luxe, purchased September last, latest improvements, including 3-speed B.S.A. gear, accessories, gear cases, perfect. Reason explained. £4 10s. each. Approval willingly. 3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London, N.

A POST CARD PROCURES THIS REMARKABLE GIFT.

You cannot hold your own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles, and lead to brain fag, impaired memory, and unfitness for study, business, or pleasure. The chosen ones in every walk of life are the alert, the bright, and the intelligent, nature's natural gift, but marred for lack of a little knowledge, of simple unthought of things which diminish the vital principles of energy, and paves the way for the unfit. A post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishers P.O. Box 94, Bradford, will put you in possession of a 48-page book, neatly bound, of valuable information, and will be sent post paid free of any charge whatsoever.

A little knowledge saves much medicine.—Advt.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

"Wheel" (Birmingham).—A seat for fixing to the back carrier of your machine can be obtained for a guinea. Owing to the heavy wear of tyres that is entailed, we do not recommend you to fit one.

C.R. (Hampstead).—The "joke" attached to your sketch was passé years ago, and the drawing is almost equally decrepid. Firmness and boldness of line are essential to all good work.

E. W. (London).—Have no use for an anonymous correspondent. If you can't trust us with your name we can't trust you with information for you. But give us all the essential facts.

R. T. (Batley).—Certainly. Our City Editor will be pleased to advise you.

P. R. W. (Leicester).—Why shouldn't we recommend a sweepstake if we think fit, and if we believe the promoter is straight? This journal is not intended for babes and sucklings—and, anyhow, people will have a gamble occasionally. It adds spice to life.

E. P. (Balham).—Your brilliant sketch so dazzled our Art Editor that he was unable to see the joke that accompanied it. But we are afraid you will never set the Thames on fire unless you take some lessons in drawing.

S. P. (Reading).—Appreciate your remark re our "valuable" journal, but are afraid "M.L." would not be worth a penny if we published more of the sort of stuff you send. It takes more than compliments to make dry stuff go down.

J. E. L. (Truro).—Our critic has attended to your requirements. Wish you luck!

E. M. F. (Kingston).—"Niblick" thanks you for facts re the golf course in which you are interested. Fear they would be of little interest.

B. E. P. (Hale End).—1. In no circumstances whatever are nurses on or off duty allowed to see friends in the ward of any well-governed hospital. Such strict discipline is essential to the preservation of the all-important professional atmosphere which obtains in every important medical institution. 2. Write the Editor of the "British Medical Journal."

Q. P. R.'s (Acton).—Mme. Albani's private nomenclature is Mrs. Gye. She commenced her musical career at the age of 15 as the organist of a New York church. It was many years later before her vocal abilities became apparent.

N. B. L. (Burnley).—Afraid it is no good growling to us about anyone in connection with the Football Cup Tie. We have no objection, however, to giving you a little advice for next year! When your friends invite you to purchase excursion tickets to the Crystal Palace just murmur the very popular phrase which your initials very well indicate, get your result from a newspaper, and take your pipe to a music-hall in the evening and see the match on the film.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The most exclusive "club" in London just at present is the Clothing and Outfitting Exhibition which they are holding at the Agricultural Hall. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a non-trader to gain admision through the jealously guarded portals at Islington. No money in the world would buy you a ticket if you are not in the trade, and even when you do obtain the "pass" it is necessary to produce your trade card before you are allowed through the turnstiles. Once inside, however, a shock awaits you, for this is going to be the brightest summer in the way of men's clothing since Jacob set the fashion in overcoats.

* * *

Glaring blues, warm browns and yellowy buffs—all these will be much in evidence. For the really quietly dressed man there will be checks which are in themselves far more "startling" than anything that has been seen for many a day. But where the "knut" is concerned the rainbow's gaudiest hues have been borrowed for the contemporary creations. Bright poplin ties backed with satin to avoid unnecessary creasing will be worn, with silk handkerchiefs bordered in colours to match. Waistcoats are stamped to represent crocodile hide, and shirts are ornamented with landscape pictures. Manufacturers have "let themselves go" on braces.

* * *

Personally I have never paid much attention to this item of attire, and have been content to provide quite a plain pair for each suit that I possess. But the fashion controllers are going to educate us out of that old-fashioned notion. No pains are to be spared to enable the modest brace to compete in attractions with the lordly necktie. The latest introduction is indeed calculated to revolutionise the industry. In this pattern the back ends of the brace are connected to what may be termed the framework by a double coil of metal, which acts as a spring. This absorbs any strain or shock, and renders the brace ideal for cyclists and anyone taking part in athletic exercise.

* * *

After the double service collar comes the double service coat. The coat, however, is still more versatile than the collar, for it can be worn in no less than four different ways. There is a reversible front and a belt which can be worn inside or outside, thus converting the coat from a tight to a loose-fitting back. Another novelty is the coat sweater, which is not unlike the sports coat beloved by the modern "flapper." For warmth nothing approaches a sweater, as any motorist will tell you. Its chief objection in the past has been the elaborate gymnastics which were required when putting it on. The coat sweater does away with that disadvantage, and will no doubt be extremely popular this autumn.

* * *

The velours hats which were so tremendously in demand at the end of last year have by no means gone out of fashion. Many West End shops are making a special display of them in the new shades recently introduced. The style at present in vogue is not so heavy in appearance as last year's models, which somewhat resembled a top hat brushed the wrong way. Talking of top hats reminds me that the strenuous efforts to revive this kind of headwear have met with but little success. In the City, where a few years ago everyone wore a silk hat, bowlers are now to be seen on all sides. "Hard felts"—as they call them in the trade—are in fact "correct" for wear on any but the most formal occasions.

* * *

Walking sticks are now steadily replacing umbrellas in the streets, but the prevailing cane is, or should be, quite different from that which was discarded in October. Women are going back for their dress designs to the days of the French Revolution, and men are doing the same with their walking sticks. Following the example set by the King almost everyone is carrying a "straight up" stick surmounted either by a round tortoiseshell ball or finished with a neat silver cap. The ferrules are made out of horn—not metal. These "straight ups," however, have one distinct disadvantage, for they cannot easily be carried. If, therefore, you still remain faithful to a "crook" ask for the "Derby" or the "Ascot" pattern, and so avoid being mistaken for an antiquarian on his way to the local museum with a new "find." You may have these styles made out of contrastingly-coloured woods—known as the "Magpie" effect and they certainly look exceedingly smart.

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